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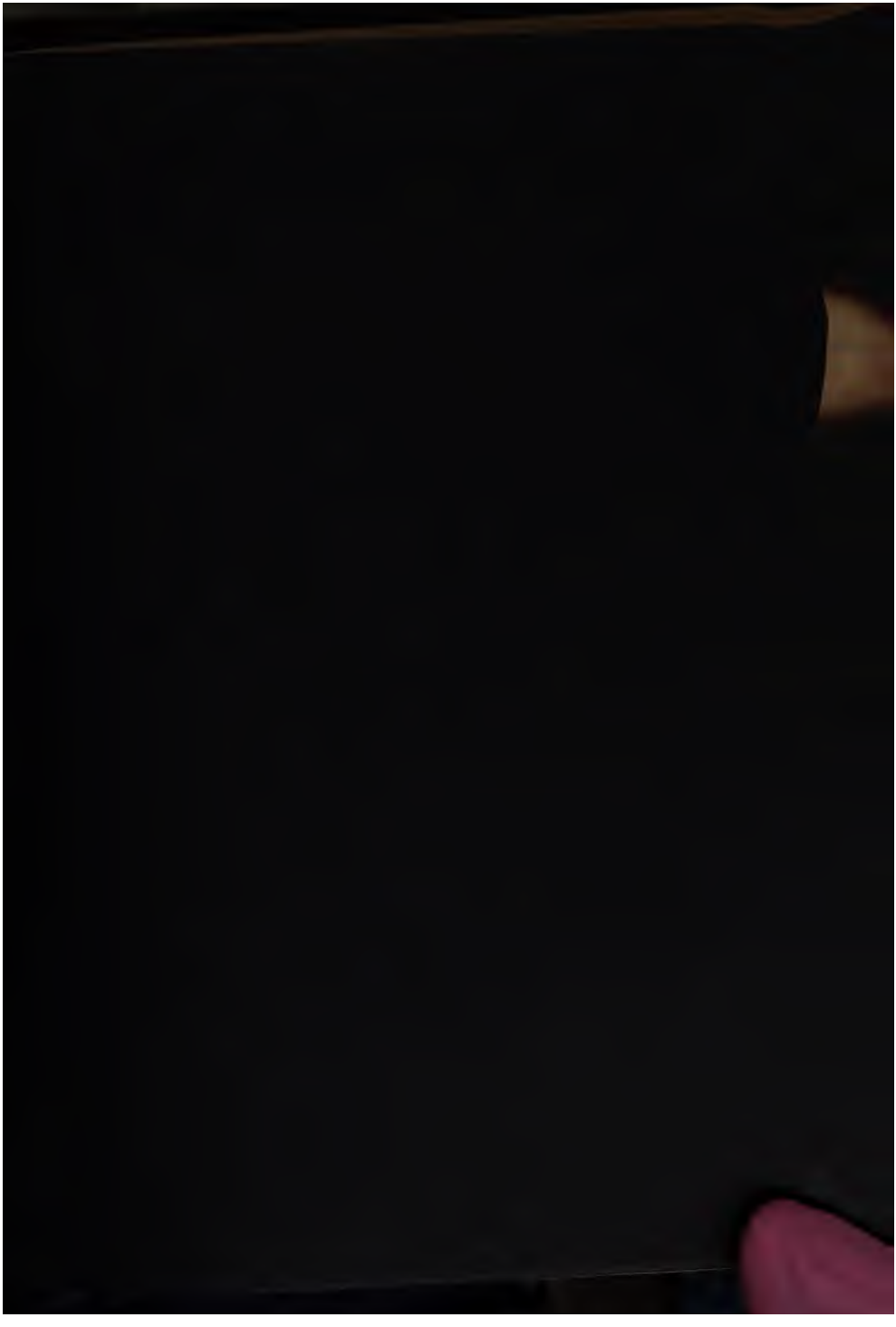

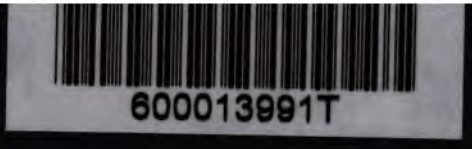
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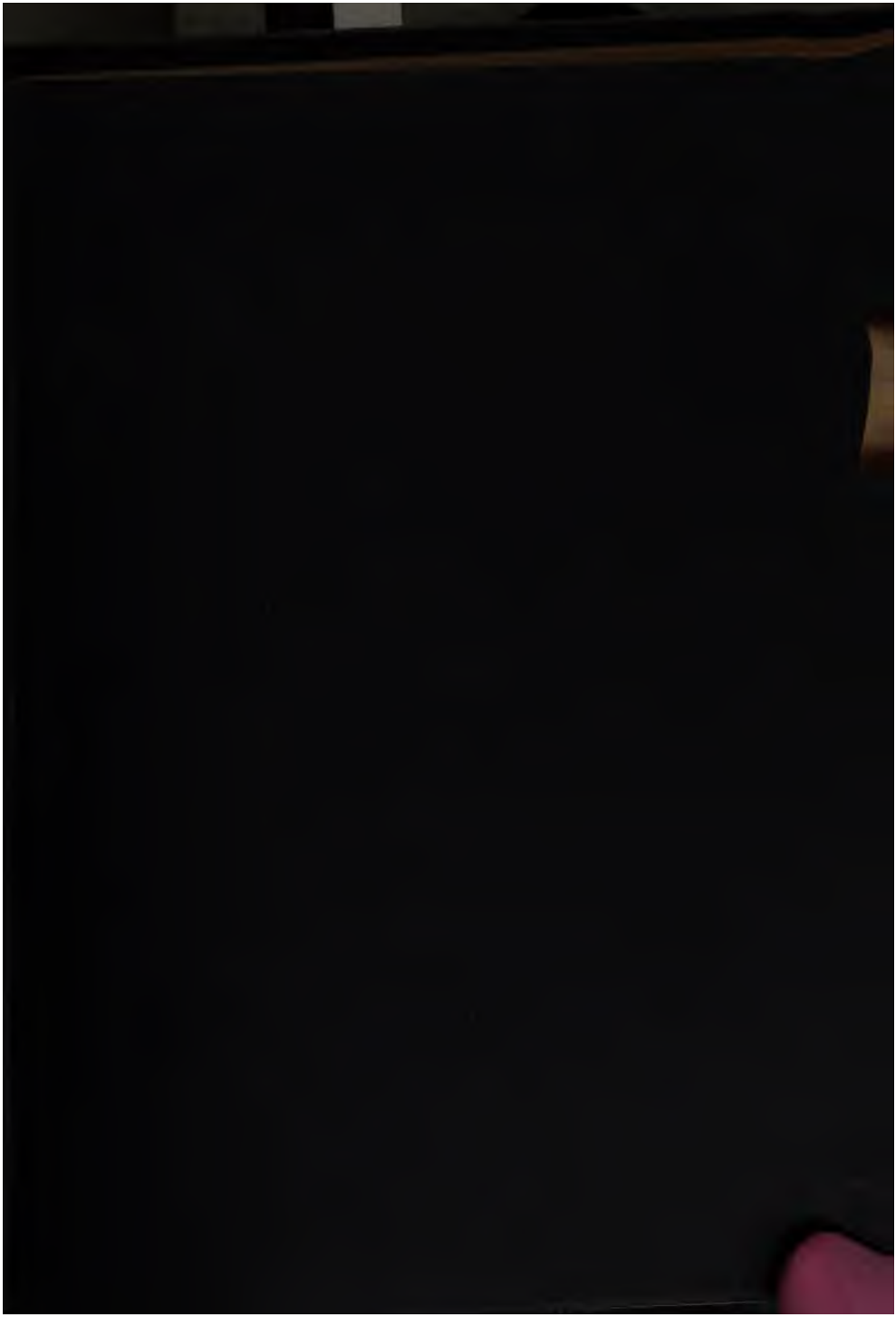

MEMORIALS

OF

FREDERICK MAROW EARDLEY-WILMOT.

Sincerely yours
R. Hardley-Wilmot

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FOMENTO

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
14, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET, AND CHARING CROSS.

1870.

MEMORIALS

OF

FREDK. M. EARDLEY-WILMOT,

MAJOR-GENERAL ROYAL ARTILLERY,

AND

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

BY HIS WIDOW.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

1879.

210. n. 259.

THESE PAGES ARE WRITTEN FOR

AND

Dedicated to

MY DEAR CHILDREN.

PREFACE.

I HAVE long felt how little my children can know of their dear father's earlier life and character, and the younger ones can have nothing beyond a child's remembrance of him. I believed they would like to have some sort of mental portrait of him, such as I might give, however imperfectly, in the shape of extracts from letters kindly lent me by old friends, and also a few letters from those who knew him at different periods in his life. This is the more necessary because his was not a character easily known or appreciated. He was naturally silent and reserved—perhaps rendered more so by a good deal of solitary life at one time—yet he possessed very keen and very deep feeling. His was a nature capable of great happiness, and it was sensitive to all suffering. For this reason he felt many things acutely which would have passed lightly enough over others. I always felt that one of his especial characteristics was his very great consideration for the feelings of others; making him even a little incapable of understanding those who showed a very marked want of it,—for he often said to me, "I cannot understand a person wanting to be TOLD a thing of that sort. I should have thought his own instinct of right feeling and good taste would have shown him it."

He had a very high and rigid sense of duty, of work, and of self-control: and here also he seemed, I may almost say surprised, that so many appeared to get very contentedly through the world without it. But though he was habitually grave, yet my children must often remember him ready enough to join in the laugh and merriment. Nor had he by any means any lack of conversation, when he felt it incumbent upon him to talk, or was with those who cared to converse.

In the following pages I have done my best, feeling that my children will make allowances for many imperfections in my attempt, and will accept this short memorial of our loved one, which I give them in the earnest hope that it may be not only a remembrance of one so dear, but a help to follow his example in earnestness of purpose, in invariable unselfishness, and, above all, in a single-hearted desire to be a consistent follower of our God and Saviour.

This sketch was originally intended for private circulation only—among his own family; by the wish of others, however, it has been published to meet a rather wider circulation, among friends as well as relations; but still it has no claim to take a place, in any sense, as a *public* memoir.

F. A. E.-W.

MEMORIALS

OF

FREDERICK MAROW EARDLEY-WILMOT.

CHAPTER I.

1830–1848.

FREDERICK MAROW EARDLEY-WILMOT, the second son of Sir John Eardley-Wilmot, Bart., of Berkeswell Hall, Warwickshire, was born on 29th of May, 1812, at Woodcote, a few miles from Berkeswell, as the Hall was at that time under repair. His mother was the daughter of Dr. Parry, of Bath, and sister of Admiral Sir Edward Parry. She died in March 1818, a few days after the birth of a twin son and daughter, leaving six sons and two daughters.

The following year his father married again—the daughter of Sir Robert Chester—and two sons and two daughters were added to the family. Of these twelve he was the fourth to pass away, eight still survive him. His father died in 1847, and his step-mother in 1869. His brother Henry was killed in the Caffre war in 1852. One of his half-sisters, Eliza, died in 1875; the other, Dulcibella, in 1838.

He went to Rugby very early, and at fourteen went to

the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, obtaining his commission in the Royal Artillery in November 1830.

During the first two or three years of his service he was quartered at Woolwich, and then his battery went to Weedon.

In the year 1834, when he was in his 23rd year, his battery was moved from Weedon to Brecon (to aid in suppressing what were known as the Rebecca riots)—a place of which he always spoke with the greatest interest, as being associated with a change which was the great turning point in his life. He used to say that he did not know what led him to the thought, but the feeling became fixed in his mind that the whole tone of his life was not in accordance with the principles of the Bible. As he once described it to me: "In short, I felt that either the Bible was right or I was, and I determined to read and decide the matter for myself. In God's mercy I came to the conclusion that my life was wrong and the Bible was right; and after that I could not do otherwise than endeavour to live in accordance with its precepts." How entirely he did so subsequently, during more than forty years, those who knew him best can testify.

It was on his return to Weedon from Brecon that he determined to give up hunting. In speaking of the subject afterwards to me he said, "Not that I blame any who feel they can do it, but for myself I felt hunting was my 'world,' and my 'idol,' and I could 'not serve two masters,' and so it must go; and moreover it not only took up so much of my time and thoughts, but often involved me in associations I already felt un-

congenial." But it was a real self-sacrifice for what he felt to be *right*, for in his hunting he thoroughly delighted, and to the last always enjoyed a gallop across country. A Northamptonshire friend told me that he and his little horse "Black Diamond" were well known and much admired in the hunting-field, and great was the astonishment of his friends near Weedon—and their ridicule too—when they found he would go out no more. This little horse was a great favourite; it would follow him anywhere, and jump over a stick held out to him like a dog. Sometimes he would get off anywhere he wished to stop and send the horse home alone, when he would walk back quietly to his stables, kicking vigorously at anyone who attempted to stop him. He also hunted in Gloucestershire when staying with his sister and Mr. Blackwell at Ampney Park, Cirencester, and she mentions one day when he was out with the hounds there, "A wide brook was to be crossed, so wide that no horse could jump it, and all had to go round; in one place a fallen tree was lying across it, and dear Fred quietly rode Black Diamond over, to the astonishment of everybody. I remember years after Captain Howard saying to me, 'The worst thing your brother ever did was to give up hunting, such a rider as he was! That pony, what has become of it?'"

It is from his letters that one can best judge of his character at this time. They throw a wonderful light on his determination and purity.

The following quotation is from a letter to Lieutenant J. H. L., Royal Artillery, written in 1837, from Hastings,

where his family went for several winters on account of his mother's health :—

"What you say about the state of our small circle at Woolwich is too true. All of us must have felt the evil for some time, though no one has had decision enough to put an end to so unprofitable a state of things. Nothing perhaps tends so much to deteriorate the Christian character as allowing a foolish and trifling spirit, the entrance of which into most of our pursuits has been too much permitted. The solemnity and the 'peculiar' character of the child of God is thus overthrown, and losing that peace and comfort which ought to mark even the severe trials in our path. We appear in the eyes of the world as little better than idiots, who would gladly conform to the world if we were not ashamed of being thought inconsistent. I have had several opportunities of discovering that such is too often the opinion formed in consequence of that want of watchfulness so apparent in the progressing Christian. Our Friday meetings have lost much of that character of religious sobriety which used formerly to be their distinguishing feature, and there is less of the prevalence of that principle which enjoins us, 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' I feel myself very much to blame in all this, but that also makes me the more anxious that something should be done in order to restore these things among us.

"We have had many causes of thankfulness, not only for a quiet and peaceful path in which we might follow our religion, but also for the turning of several, through our instrumentality, from darkness to the light of the

Gospel. Our school has gone on, and instead of being the despised few, who in former years were considered a disgrace to the regiment, men see that 'Methodists' can do their duty as well as other people. Notwithstanding all this, perhaps in consequence of it, our hands have grown slack, and in myself at least I see that the warmth of feeling towards the souls of others had well-nigh given place to carelessness and indifference. On getting quietly here I have had time to 'consider my way,' and truly have found cause to humble myself before God. Your experience may probably be quite different from this, and while you are aware of the fact above mentioned as resulting from *something*, that something may all rest with *me*. Be this as it may, I am quite sure of one thing, that our declension, if I may use so strong a term, has caused much harm to ourselves, as brethren in Christ, and is a stumbling-block in the way of others. I will say no more now. Let us unite our prayers that He will strengthen 'that which remaineth,' and permit us once more to be 'burning and shining lights' in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. . . .

"We have service here in Lent on Wednesday and Friday. On Friday Mr. Auriol lectures on the types of the Old Testament. He is my favourite; not so eloquent, but of devoted piety; *it* comes more home to me. Eloquence I don't value in the pulpit. It gives *me* the idea of humbug. A man truly humbled and under a sense of describing what he has *felt* himself deeply, cannot easily *garnish* it much. This may perhaps be a very wrong feeling.

"I work away quietly at mathematics, but find that I have forgotten a good deal. I begin to like my district much. I find it is the setting forth of Christ alone that engages the attention of sinners. You may tell them about sin and God's hatred of it—it is no use. Tell them of Jesus, and you have a chance of getting a hearing. . . ."

In a subsequent letter to the same, he wrote:—

"WOOLWICH, *May 6th*, 1837.

"I often think of God on His throne as it were, and then what we consider enormous distance dwindles into nothing, and I fancy myself offering up prayers in company with those who in the body are very far from me.

". . . . Another plan I have adopted, which you will laugh at I think—learning a proposition of Euclid before reading the Bible. 1st. It empties the mind of many things which pass through it. 2nd. It enables its energies to be called forth more in fixing the attention upon the Word of God. . . . I hear A—— has died full of hope of the Gospel."

The following letter, written in reference to this time, is from an old friend of the family, Miss King. She mentions her first meeting him, at Berkeswell, in 1836, and then adds:—

"After this I did not see him again for a year, when he came to assist his father during the election which followed on the Queen's Accession in 1837. I can remember many scenes and events, but cannot recall any conversations, only that in the midst of all the excite-

ment and mirth in which he joined, one could always discern the one principle within, though he sometimes blamed himself for being carried away by the outward things around him. . . . In 1838, Mr. Blackwell died at Ampney Park, Gloucestershire, and afterwards Mrs. Blackwell came to Berkeswell with her children and this dear brother. I think he was there about six weeks, and what a comfort to her! His leave was over, and he left; but his sister Dulcie was then declining fast, and Sir Eardley desired me to come to Highgate, where she then was, and he again got leave to come and help. To describe his gentleness, tenderness, and consideration is impossible; he spoke but little, but all could see his feeling. He was indeed no common man."

The following letter was written to Miss King, in 1838, by the subject of this memoir:—

". . . . seems to have forgotten everything. I say *seems*, for the working of many impressions in the heart is only ripened into some form perhaps several years after they appear to have been quite dormant. It is so with the graces of older Christians, and it is so with the impression of renewed life in the soul. Let us keep in view the end of all religion—conformity to the image of Jesus, hating sin, loving righteousness, abounding in love to all, for He has given us an example in all things, and looking out of self and our feelings, may we look up to Him from whom alone comes our strength, for we are complete in Him; joined to Him by a living faith, we have all things and abound. Time will soon

be exchanged for eternity, faith for sight; then let us look beyond the grave, look at Him who now sits on the throne with the Father, into whose hands all power of heaven and earth is given, look at Him coming with majesty and glory, and then remember that as the Father has loved and honoured Him, so He loves and honours the believer."

Miss King, in the letter already quoted, adds:—

"On one occasion at Berkeswell we were talking about knowing each other in the future state, and the question was raised as to whether our sins would be made public at the last day, and I remember his remark was, 'Christ knows all my sins, so what does it signify whether others do or not? . . .'

"This was in 1839, just before he went to the Cape. I did not, of course, see him again till 1843, when he was so saddened by finding his father going to Van Diemen's Land, and all things so distressing."

In a letter written at a later date, but in the same year, to Miss King, General (still Lieutenant) Wilmot wrote:—

"*July* 1838.

"It is difficult to keep in mind constantly the difference between the children and the enemies of God. The thousand snares which Satan spreads around us, and the many ways in which, tampering with our evil hearts, he endeavours to lull us into security and a less degree of watchfulness, can only be known by experience. By little and little he would persuade us that our opinions are too strict; necessary perhaps for the work at large,

but not in a private family. But a child of God is one under every circumstance, and it is consistency which silently but eloquently recommends the religion of Jesus."

The following was written at a time when his brother Chester was severely ill, and when he was with him in July 1838:—

"A sick room somehow brings thoughts, feelings, and opinions to a more definite point of view, and means of having the brains clear, and the judgment in a right state of action. Perhaps it is on this account that one feels the benefit of visiting the sick or the poor in their distress. By benefit I mean a practical sensation of helplessness, and a prostration of feelings and opinions, before the simple experienced fact, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' On this point, how often may it be said of every Christian that they have the evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God? How often we build up only that He may cast down and destroy our inventions, for who can tell the train of evil which may go on accumulating from a very small circumstance undertaken without an eye to the glory of the Redeemer? On such occasions we should be grateful for everything, however painful, which strips off the scales from our eyes, and leads us to God, in a way that we know not. Let us remember that we are Christ's, body, soul, and spirit."

Speaking of a great drawback in his brother's illness, while he was with him in barracks at Woolwich under his care, he wrote:—

"*July* 28, 1838.

"The first day after this painful drawback I felt everything swept away, except Christ. Before His providential Presence, I became as one dead, but when he touched me, he raised me on my feet, and every faculty of body and mind seemed to exist in fourfold intensity.

"I don't think I can ever forget the extraordinary sensation of confidence and calmness which He put in my heart while I was waiting for the doctors to come down stairs, at 3 o'clock in the morning. I have a positive proof that He is a present help in the hour of need."

In another letter to Miss King, in September 1838, he wrote thus:—

"Will you look back from the other side of Jordan and say, How easily I might have been spared that trial? How wonderful will be the transition from earth to glory! Earthly feelings, if in existence, carried forward in the boundless stream of love towards God, and every heart exclaiming, He ordereth all things well."

The following is an extract from a letter to his friend, A. J. Lawrence, Rifle Brigade, now General Sir Arthur Lawrence:—

"BERKESWELL HALL, COVENTRY,
"*January* 12, 1839.

". . . . The country is a very bad place for meditation about war, as the mind is not excited by the false glitter which, more or less, pervades every military station, but is enabled to see the misery occasioned by it in its true

colours; one's antipathy to the *trade* certainly increases among the scenes of a quiet life; but somehow, just as one has made up one's mind that soldiering is a horrible thing, in comes a quiet voice which says, 'Do your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you'—and then—*exit* fancy."

In a letter a few days later he adds:—

"In speaking of the pleasures of a country life it was merely as more suited to my feelings than any other; but if I were offered an independent fortune to-morrow, the circumstances must be very clearly marked which would render it an unquestionable act of propriety to leave a profession in which there is a boundless sphere of usefulness."

The following is an extract from a letter to the same, written in the same year:—

To A. J. L.

". . . . At times the prospect of leaving this wretched body of sin and entering the calm of light and life fills me with joy, but these things ought not to be. The Lord's time is best, and to do anything but be thankful and wait patiently for that time, argues an unsubdued and impatient spirit. . . . What a cursed thing is sin, how it deprives one of peace, and raises clouds between us and our Heavenly Father. We talk of the joys of heaven—to my mind the greatest is, that we shall find no temptation to sin, no knowledge of having offended."

Yet again he writes to the same friend, who was to be a life-long friend, and in whose house he died.

To A. J. L.

"BERKESWELL HALL, COVENTRY,
"*January* 21, 1839.

". . . . It is indeed a very great privilege to be able to be of any service to your brother officers. A Christian is a missionary from whom must emanate the genial rays of that divine light which is shed abroad on his own soul. The youngest Christian bears in this respect the same character as the oldest, and both are growing thereby in the likeness of Him who came to call sinners to repentance. What a position to hold! fellow-workers with the Lord of life and glory. We, unworthy as we are, are hereunto called, that we should show forth the praises of Him who has called us out of darkness into His marvellous light, and persuade men to enter the true fold. . . . A striking effect of the Gospel is the different manner in which we regard a man upon hearing that he is seeking the Lord.

"Take an example of a profane or drunken man. Nothing can be more abhorrent to the Christian than such company; but let him but hear that such a one is beginning to consider his ways, and the heart immediately yearns towards him, and the affection of Christian sympathy is anxious to claim him for a brother. It is a beautiful test of our discipleship. 'We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.' One sees a person with different eyes, they are become joint-heirs with our Master, and partakers with us of the heavenly joys prepared for those who know Him.

"I hope you are not fretting yourself, because it will

hinder you in your Christian course, though I am but ill-calculated to say anything about that, as some things weigh on my mind, and worry me also. Nothing causes me to despise myself so much as to find that I cannot get rid of thoughts which I don't want to entertain, but which will present themselves. It is so hard to feel in trifling things that whatever is, is best; and Satan seems to have peculiar interest in thus giving everybody something to exercise them. . . . Country life rather causes feelings of 'deserting';—plants and ploughed fields having greater charms for me than military glory. It is foolish to entertain such feelings, indeed it is wrong to meditate on anything which can never be gratified, as it implies a rebellion against the wise ordering of our God. The gratification of our wishes is what we all desire, but, blessed be God who knows what is good for us, He does not always see fit to gratify them. This trial of our faith is to work 'patience,' and when this has had its 'perfect work' the Lord will make ample amends either in some other blessing or, what is better, a peaceful acquiescence in His decision. The time is approaching when these things shall be no more found, all our joy shall consist in a perfect conformity to His mind and will.

"We all have our appointed trials, some in one way some in another; 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness,' but it is no 'strange things,' but as necessary to Christian perfection as the stone is to the sharpening of the scythe."

The next extracts are from the correspondence preserved by the same friend.

To A. J. L.

"BERKESWELL HALL,
"*February* 20, 1839.

"I am sorry to hear that you are going to be quartered at Deptford on your return, though I agree with you that, all things considered, it may help rather than retard you. It is a good thing to investigate the tendency not only of our actions, but also of those providential arrangements which meet us almost daily. The language of one's heart is often 'what a bore,' when the Lord intends great benefit to our souls in His orderings. . . . We sometimes fancy that under other circumstances we should act more consistently, but this is a feeling we ought to admit very cautiously. There is no evidence whatever that if we do not take a straightforward line in one case, that any change of outward circumstances would cause us to do so in another. Every situation has its peculiar trials and difficulties, and in all these the grace of God alone will be found able to support us."

"*February* 28.

". . . . It cannot be shown from experience that argument ever convinced a man, or body of men, of the truth of Christian doctrine. Endless occasions have been given for discussion, hundreds of times has every point been both publicly and privately disputed, and all parties remain convinced of the truth of their own views. There are many reasons for this, principally because human words can hardly be expected to have more power in breaking the fences of unbelief in the human

heart than the 'stone cut out without hands,' and also because men don't argue for truth but for victory."

To A. J. L.

"DUBLIN, *July* 1839.

"How very difficult it is to remember that we are not our own, but bought with a price, and that henceforth our own personal feelings are comparatively of small import, while we are always placed by the hand of infinite wisdom in such a situation as is most useful to ourselves as well as most calculated to enable us to 'do all to the glory of God.' We should look out of the present agent to see the Lord of Hosts superintending the most minute details of His empire. He who so loved us as He has shown, is not likely to be an uninterested witness of all that we go through; yet knowing this, I feel how slack I am to act on it, yet it is a source of consolation and strength, and should be so to you. We should think a man a fool who broke his knife because it had cut his finger; why should we be a bit more annoyed at any *tool* in the hands of the Lord? The Lord tries us, as He did His people in old times, 'to show them what was in their heart.' Would it be any kindness to let us go on concealing and harbouring a deadly snake in our bosoms, enjoying ourselves and revelling in the anticipation of joys which would never be realized? The Lord knows better. To appear at the gates of heaven with unsubdued tempers, and passions, and feelings more partaking of hell than heaven! What could be the result? Depart from me, I know you not. But now His love will not let us alone, it pursues and

follows us, though we fly from it. He has given us 'the light' that we may see our darkness. Let us cleave to the Lord. In His presence is fulness of joy; without him, as I can testify, all is darkness, discomfort, hell.

". . . . I had hoped to see a sister of L——'s, but fear I shall not be able now. I like to know the relations of people for whom I have a regard, as it gives one an interest in them of a stronger nature."

The year 1839 was marked by a great effort made by the scientific world, chiefly through the influence of Alexander von Humboldt, to study the magnetism of the earth, and he was selected, among others, to establish and conduct magnetical observatories in different parts of the world. Lieutenant J. H. Lefroy went to St. Helena, Lieutenant Riddell to Toronto, Lieutenant Kay, R.N., to Van Diemen's Land, and Lieutenant Wilmot to the Cape of Good Hope. Subsequently Lieutenant Lefroy went to Toronto, and Lieutenant W. J. Smythe to St. Helena. Major, now General, Sir Edward Sabine, R.A., was to direct the military observers, and to publish their observations. As part of the plan, Captain, afterwards Sir James Ross, was dispatched with H.M.SS. 'Erebus' and 'Terror' on an expedition to the Antarctic Ocean. Lieutenant Wilmot had a passage to the Cape on board the 'Erebus.' Lieutenant Lefroy had a passage to St. Helena in the 'Terror.' As the expedition was for scientific observations and not speed, and the ships touching at many intermediate places, Lieutenant Wilmot was six months on his voyage, not arriving at the Cape till March 1840. He was then in his twenty-eighth year.

This was an occupation which called forth not only all his powers, but his patience, perseverance, and self-denial in a high degree. There were many circumstances connected with it which were a source of much trial, disappointment, and anxiety, but most surely under the blessed influence of God's Holy Spirit were they all tending to the ripening and strengthening of his character.

This next seven years was also a time of deep trial at home. He returned to England once for a few months in 1843, and so was at home in the midst of all the great family troubles, which he felt most keenly, the breaking up of the loved home at Berkeswell, and his father going as Governor to Van Diemen's Land.

While at the Cape, Lieutenant Wilmot wrote many letters to friends, some of whom have preserved them. From these the following extracts have been taken, as illustrative of his thoughts and opinions at this period of his life.

To Lieutenant, now Sir Henry Lefroy.

"*April* 9, 1840.

"Now I must inform you of progress: 1st, *Fractures:* barometer wet bulb, ivory warped, burst the screws; 2nd, *anemometer*, movable tables so shrunk and warped as to require new ones, besides sundries. This is a disheartening commencement, but it is not my fault. . . . I have assisted Mr. Maclear* in measuring and levelling to the sea, a distance of 3½ miles, and find it very good practice. Mr. Maclear is a perfect 'trump,' nothing can exceed his kindness, hospitality, or wish to assist

* Astronomer at the Royal Observatory, Cape Town.

me in any way he can. Mann * and Smyth † are both very nice fellows. I am learning the uses of the various instruments in the observatory, and am being instructed by Mr. Maclear in many points of observatory work.

"As far as regards comforts, I have seen neither milk nor butter since I landed. I have dined with the Maclears for three weeks, till my conscience smote me, and yesterday I ordered some for myself; so to-day he made a special invitation. He has lots of little children running about. I turn out my half nag in his grounds. Mann and I have one between us, and are about to purchase a cow, which will live in the same manner. I have worked the men in getting a piece of ground in order for garden stuff; vegetables being next to unknown. The church is 3½ miles off, so I have prayers in the morning and go to church in the afternoon. I have the men all in to prayers and Bible reading daily at 7½ A.M.

"Peter Maclean ‡ is come from the frontier and a very nice fellow he is, and he promises to visit me often and assist. I dined with the Governor a day or two ago; nearly lost my way in going—got in hot and late—people looked as if they wished I had cooled myself in the porch. Sir George Napier is a very gentlemanly, soldier-like man. I dined on board the flag-ship when the lieutenants gave a dinner to Captain Ross and Co., pleasant enough. My parting with my old mess-mates of the 'Erebus' was a grief to me, as they were all very kind fellows.

* Assistant astronomer. † Professor Piazzi Smyth.
‡ Lieutenant, R.A.

"The rains have just commenced and things are beginning to look more green and comfortable. Such sunrises and sunsets! it would do your heart good to see them."

To J. H. L.

"*May* 14, 1840.

"Perhaps if we may say that such an expedition never left British shores before, we may add that never were so few precautions taken to preserve valuable instruments from danger. . . . Strange that old magneticians should have allowed youngsters to proceed with so many things against them. . . . I am not very comfortable, for I cannot get the people on with the work; the foundations are not ready, the house not begun. I can hardly settle down to anything, being obliged to go out to 'kick' the workmen on. My instruments groan in their cases at their long confinement, but what can I do?

"I must say yours is preferable to this as a *residence.* Here you cannot walk unless you like to perambulate twenty miles of sand. From September to November it is covered with flowers, the rest of the year a mirage enough to blind you."

To J. H. L.

"*June* 26, 1840.

"I am sorry to hear of the increase of 'Oxford opinions' in England. My mind is a good deal exercised on the subject, and it caused me much disturbance and thought. I am at present obliged to conclude against them, being assured that when Christ shall come no place shall be found for their views, and that

their present tendency is schismatic, and in many instances subversive of holiness, as substituting a general for an individual love of religion. I stick at this point, viz. that no Church is authorized in making that a term of communion, which neither Christ nor His Apostles instituted; it is to burden men's consciences.

"As for the Fathers, I am certain they were liable to error from the fact that whatever they did was insufficient even in their own day to prevent schism; and I am almost inclined to think that their very deeds and requirements throw the odium of schism upon them instead of upon seceders. *We* do not consider our church schismatic for having seceded from Rome, but rather Rome is schismatic for departing from the Head, and requiring us to do so also. We are schismatic if we compel men to do things not required by our only Lord and Master, or to secede from our communion in consequence of refusal to conform. These Oxford men are hastening the great day which shall try all the earth. And so we have this novel scene on the earth, a total reversal of former experience, Science endeavouring to unite nations, and give feelings and pursuits in common, trying to elevate men's minds and be rivals only in her pure and peaceful pursuits; but Religion separating chief friends, making men of one to be of two minds; forgetting the Lord's injunctions, they cease to 'love as brethren,' and do not rejoice with St. Paul, unless the Gospel is made effectual through their own party. Surely the knowledge of Jesus is all-sufficient to salvation. Let us cleave to the Lord with true purpose of heart. Let us enlarge our hearts for the reception of that

truly catholic love which was displayed by our Lord, rejoicing that there is 'one fold, and one Shepherd.'"

To the same.

"*September* 7, 1840.

"I have just returned from a few days' visit to Mr. Maclear up country. They are encamped about fifty-six miles north of Cape Town, and present quite a formidable appearance. I had no horse, so Peter Macclean and I walked and made his horse carry our traps. We slept two nights in the bush, and had to carry our grub with us. There is a great deal of buck and other game, but the party have hardly killed any as it requires great cunning and quietness, whereas they do nothing but chatter all day long.

"My dear fellow, the slowness of my work quite maddens me. If I had anticipated this I think that nothing would have induced me to come out. Here we have been twelve months since leaving England, and my building does not appear in any way advanced; two months more at least before any work can be carried on in it. . . . I cannot tell you how miserable this delay makes me. It is the greatest trial I have ever had. Though I am certain there is some wise purpose in it, I cannot prevent my mind from dwelling upon it, and it wears me very much. There is not a hole where I can put up an instrument, and I am sometimes in sad low spirits, and almost wish myself in my former insignificance in the brigade.

"Fancy, my father has had that horrid picture of me which Wheeler did, lithographed!! This I call taking a dirty advantage of a chap's absence, because he knows

very well that I hated the whole proceeding from the beginning, and should as soon have thought of hanging myself as of consenting had I expected it would have so ended."

To the same.

"*November* 3, 1840.

"My building will not be ready till December at soonest, and I am obliged to grin and bear it the best way I can; would that I could say that this best was good, but I grieve to say in truth it bothers me a good deal.

". . . . Mr. Maclear (astronomer at the Royal Observatory, Cape Town) is up the country hard at work with the Base Line, to which I purpose riding some day soon. It is only about sixty miles, which I can do in one day, stay three days, and come back on the fourth. Having seen all the preliminary operations I am anxious to see the actual work carried into effect. Robinson not having sent me a new set of dipping needles has sadly put me out; my cottage has been *in statu quo* for the last two months, the carpenters being all employed on the observatory. Domestic concerns flourish pretty well; cow with plenty of milk, chickens and turkeys not scarce; cabbage garden flourishes, flower garden looking up. My men go up the mountain occasionally to dig up young plants, which they stick in among the borders, but I expect will all die.

"The nag is in tolerable order considering he was six weeks on board-wages with Mann in Zwaartland, no stable, very wet weather, and plenty of sand and bushes to eat.

"The flowers have all gone again, being very short-lived, and the south-east wind having cut them down. The grass is all withered up, and the verdure, which was beautiful, is all departed. Vegetation on the trees is very luxuriant, and where there are any of them the appearance of the country is not to be despised. The wind destroys the pleasure of the climate, continuing for weeks at a time. At the same time it tends to keep the air cool; 65° to 75° in the shade is not great; but February and March are the hottest months of the year here. Fruit just in season and very abundant; grapes no end, and figs, besides apricots and peaches."

To A. F. L.

"MAGNETIC OBSERVATORY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,
"*Christmas Eve*, 1840.

"Your account of your comfort and happiness at Windsor was very pleasing to me, and certainly the contrast between your life and mine is rather striking. Then the two countries, how different! The barren appearance of this particular spot you can hardly imagine, and amidst all my anxiety and impatience to get to work, it has a disagreeable effect upon me. But, I thank God, there is every prospect of my observatory being completed in a fortnight, and then I shall have but few eyes for external ornament. It will certainly be very complete as far as its adaptation to the intended purpose, and you will not forget to pray for me that I may be assisted by the Author and Giver of every good and 'perfect gift,' and enabled to do my

duty here. I cannot tell you what I have gone through during these ten months of delay and expectation; and grieved and humbled as I am to see how little I have hitherto sought that aid without which 'nothing is strong and nothing is holy,' I cannot venture to make any remarks upon it.

"All practice must be brought to the test of principles; and however pleasing and profitable a particular line may be to individuals, this is never a safe or advantageous ground of extensive practice. I feel this here very much. There is every sect and party under the sun. All are stirring and useful except the Church of England, and though there are 5000 members of it in Cape Town, there is only one colonial chaplain. The funds at his disposal are a farce, and we behold the anomaly of the 'Church as by law established,' sitting 'like Marius 'mid the ruins of Carthage.'

"It appears to me that the line is clear for *me* and other Churchmen; turn all your funds, energy, interest, and spare time into this channel, maintain the necessity of a national religion, of the purity of our Church, the freedom, happiness, and glory of belonging to her communion, and in short let the Church do her duty, and do *ours* by her. It is a sad thing to think that she should be notorious as being all but useless. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is not well supported, and I have taken the liberty of going round to people to urge its claims. I have the assistance of Peter Maclean in this, and I am thankful to say that a blessing has attended it, and we have been very successful."

To J. H. L.

"*January* 7, 1841.

"With regard to reading, my time has been so much occupied in urging on the workmen, that I have only managed to get through Daniell* several times, some trigonometry, and obtained a much more general knowledge of meteorology and magneticals than I had before. At starting I was profoundly ignorant of both, and though not very wise now, yet I can see my way more clearly. My books are all strewed in hopeless confusion on the ground, covered by an old mackintosh to keep the dust from them. My instruments are in their cases, piled in various parts of my room, flanked by the remains of bags of nails and other odds and ends of all sorts. A deal table and a rum-looking chair or two complete the interior arrangement. Yet I am sensible that much time has been lost by my fretting myself about what I could not avoid, and by my groaning over circumstances which equally annoyed me whether I did nothing towards expediting them, or whether I laboured in the hot sun to forward them. A few days more, and, if it please God, I shall be at work, to which I look forward with great delight. So many circumstances arise, so many new views of things, and so many experiments will probably come from what I see in my progress. At present I am *in statu quo* for want of experiments to carry out the floating ideas of my brain. My men will take some time to train, and indeed, after

* Daniell's 'Introduction to Chemical Philosophy,' then a recent book.

twelve months without any practice, I do not expect to be very clever at it myself.

". . . . Matters appear more warlike, but one can hardly imagine the issue. There is an undoubted progress towards the state which might precede the fulfilment of many prophecies regarding the return of the Jews to their own land. Truly we live in eventful times, because, whether they are those which immediately precede the latter or not, they bear a most striking resemblance to them."

After the long trial of patience, the observatory was at last finished, in February 1841, nearly a year after his arrival, and then began many difficulties in adjusting the instruments and settling into the work.

To J. H. L.

"*February* 20, 1841.

". . . . I am sometimes very down in the mouth about all these matters, they press upon my spirits; I am so afraid of my observatory being useless after all the trouble and expense. I trust that the Lord will save me from this, and give me patience.

"Touching other matters, I am hard at work for the Christian Knowledge Society and the Colonial Church Society. I have tormented the senior colonial chaplain, and wish to stir the zeal of the Church here, and bend my endeavours for the Church of Christ into the legitimate channel of the Church of England.

". . . . At present I screw out 3*l.* a month for the Church here, and hope to continue it by denying myself some luxuries. Things are pretty cheap, and one must

set an example to men if one hopes to stir them up. But of course I don't put this down on the list, only 1*l.* per annum."

To J. H. L.

"*March* 22, 1841.

"I am sometimes disposed to wish myself away, as the state of my instruments and the delay in my building continue to make a trial of some magnitude. How much need we have of the Spirit of God in making these adjustments, &c., to prevent the trial to temper and spirits. I work nearly the whole night at present, taking two to four hours' sleep, and at it again all day.

"Sunday is indeed a blessed day."

To J. H. L.

"*May* 11, 1841.

"How are you off for sleep? I take the night watches in turn with the other four, for my gunner now takes a regular share in the work. I find myself rather tired towards the end of the week, as I am up early and late. I never let the observatory be without one of them in it. . . . I send them out occasionally for a walk in the country, and take the work myself. They are very considerate, and frequently if I have been up late do not call me when it is my turn."

His cottage was not finished for some months after. It had only two rooms, and when Captain Clerk joined him he gave it up to him, and took up his abode in the "anemometer tower," a place about 9 feet diameter, and a wind gauge on the top. Of this he remarks, in July 1844:—

"I need hardly say that this, though apparently a small evil, is, when continued for four years, a very disagreeable sort of habitation."

To J. H. L.

"*May* 21, 1841.

". . . . I work at the observatory from 9 to 3 now, and then take some riding or walking exercise regularly. I never have done this before, but gone on observing till I was quite tired and out of sorts, but expect in a short time to feel the benefit of the new system. We have a tolerable quantity of colonial news just now. You remember my being present at an outbreak of the Boers in the Orange River, when going the circuit with Judge Menzies. Well, the Government took no steps in consequence, and the result was that matters got worse and worse, until a short time ago the Boers attacked and plundered the natives, and resisted the Dragoons when sent against them. Troops were moved up from Graham's Town, and from here at a great expense artillery and infantry; and only by the great good sense of the officer commanding, Colonel Richardson, 7th Dragoons, was the thing stopped by a sudden attack, contrary to the wishes of the civil authority. To us soldiers it sounds a ridiculous sort of thing; the Boers about 200 strong, thoroughly armed with guns carrying 2-oz. balls, entrenched. Colonel Richardson sent some Griquas to feint an attack; this drew the Boers out, and with two troops he dashed among them, and they bolted at once. Some threw down their arms, others surrendered immediately; altogether the most complete defeat

that could be imagined. The Governor himself has now gone up, and it is to be hoped that some permanent arrangement may be made. You have no idea how I miss the Macleans; it was such a comfort to have a house to go to in town when one wanted to ride on to the church on Sunday, or as a place to spend an evening occasionally, and hear a little music. Now I do not know a single person in town except our own officers. I am sadly disappointed to hear that the chance of a Bishop here has diminished considerably. It is said that the Governor has given it as his opinion that additional clergy are of more importance. I humbly think this a great mistake, as the having a Bishop would probably be a cause for having more clergy; whereas the abundance of the latter can never produce the former, nor do away with the importance of having one. Here, as elsewhere, the irresponsible state of the Church has produced its great evils, and one gets disheartened in contemplating the chances of the evil being perpetuated. I am glad that our new church is rapidly progressing, and even on this account alone regret the want of a Bishop who could be responsible for the appointment of a pastor to it."

To J. H. L.

"*November* 25, 1841.

". . . . What a blessed thing it is that one can feel all things in the hand of our Redeemer and Guide. Matters will be disagreeable, but 'nothing shall move them.' The more I study the character of Jesus in this view, 'a servant of servants,' so much the more peace ensues to my mind. One can go out into the world

prepared; and what a blessed thing it is, 'prepared to endure all things.' . . . See in this the want of a Christian spirit, which we should learn and practise. 'Christ pleased not Himself.' 'He reviled not again.' 'He endured all things.' No Christian man should let things get to such a pitch as that. What if one is insulted, ridiculed, or bullied, the work is public, national, and important, and all personal feeling should cease, *if not to be, at least* to cause action or reply."

The principle he here expresses, he most fully carried out in practice, both at this period and in his later career, by his ready, peaceful acquiescence in all the changes and circumstances of life, many of them peculiarly trying to him; and more especially so those that came through the instrumentality of others. But I never knew his faith or his contentment fail. He once said to me, "Jesus 'committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously,' and surely I and all His people may be content to do the same."

To J. H. L.

"CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,
"*March* 9, 1842.

"I shall always look for your success with the interest and gladness commensurate with the sincere affection I feel towards you. Your path may be onward in this particular line; mine will most likely be to subside into my former state of an artillery officer. You have a taste and a talent for these pursuits, and might if you gave yourself time become a mathematician. But I shall consider I have done my duty by the regiment in

setting them (with you and Riddell) the example of endeavouring to bring it into its proper place in the scientific world, and am ready to leave my place here to some more competent person. . . . The loss of spiritual comfort caused by the necessary worry and bustle of this continual round of work, renders it distasteful to me. Yet God is faithful, and has promised not to leave us. But this is not the danger, it is that I should leave Him."

To Miss King, on the voyage back to the Cape, in August 1843, he wrote:—

"Our going into Bahia, in Brazil, was a most seasonable rest and refreshment to all our party. It is always as well to see as many places as one can, such opportunities not occurring every day. After seeing any country, one's interest in it increases very much, and makes our knowledge of geography and such things more pleasant and more perfect. My magnetical observations at Bahia were very unsatisfactory, owing to some deficiency in the instruments, which could not be repaired till we got to the Cape.

"Bahia is a very fine, extensive harbour. The best buildings in the dirty town are those which were built by the Dutch prior to Brazilian occupation by the Portuguese. . . . Reading on board ship is a difficult matter to a landsman; still I have managed a certain quantity. Among other books, 'Kings of the East' is singular and striking, though in some points illogical, in others questionable.

"One thing has struck me very much lately; how

singular that only one religion should be true, considering the numerous habits, intelligence, &c., of different nations of the earth, until we examine and find in them all the same capability of affection, and the same internal moral convictions, and therefore the same adaptation to the peculiar doctrines and precepts of the religion of Jesus. The Gospel strikes a chord, which neither idolatry, degradation, nor wickedness can utterly eradicate. The Gospel can have effect on the most degraded savage equally well as on the most polished and intellectual. No other argument is necessary to prove that we are physically and mentally the same species."

To Miss King.

"*March* 27, 1844.

"As to my plans, I have none. That I have been anxious about the future I do not deny, but I am not so now, and by God's grace will not be any more. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and take no (undue) thought for the morrow: these are the maxims of the Christian life, which can carry one through it, if not in happiness, at least in peace. As to happiness, indeed I hardly know why we should think that it is a part of our lot here; it was not so with our Master, and the servant is not greater than his Lord. Only let us pray God to make us 'living witnesses' of the truth of His Gospel, and then, come what will, our hearts shall be ready. . . . I feel how much it is needed in our day to be 'living witnesses.' There is so much of easy-going respectability in religion, that I almost think the whole front of the army of religion is com-

posed of, and the tone of religious atmosphere is given by, those half-and-half people who have assumed a sort of smothering position upon vital godliness. Yet the fire shall one day try it. Let us pray that we may not be found among those content to deceive and be deceived. If religion is true, it is so at all times and places; if souls are in danger, our duty is constant and without intermission. Have you read 'Saturday Evening' by Taylor? I have lately met with it, and think it to be full of the most profound and philosophical views of history, religion, and the human heart, more than any book I have seen for years. It reminds me a good deal of my conversations with my valued old friend Dr. Gregory."

To Miss King.

"*July* 1844.

". . . . So long as a thing is only in prospect, the decision not depending on ourselves, so long, though wishes may be strong and certainly are legitimate, one hardly knows which is best; but so soon as it is decided, the grand secret is to extract all the essence from the new position that we possibly can, and seek for the ways and means of being useful in our new situation. And surely there is no one for whom our Lord has not work of some sort or other, either doing or suffering. . . . The question should be, not that of dissatisfaction at anything sent, but rather for what purpose is it sent?—that is, let us discover that work in hand, that we may set to it at once with all zeal. I have lately heard and read a good deal of 'Biographia Borealis' by Hartley Coleridge. Did you ever meet with it? I am reading Guizot's 'History

of the English Revolution.' I was induced to do so from liking his 'Civilization of Europe,' which I read some years ago. Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' though tedious, repays the trouble of plodding through it. Nothing I should like better than to be quartered at Woolwich, having our excellent library there, and to be able to make up my leeway in this sort of reading knowledge.

". . . . To see our way clearly, this is the main point. If we are assured as to duty much becomes easy, all things become possible. If a solitary life has disagreeables, it certainly has this advantage, that the mind can more habitually dwell on the unseen and eternal causes of hope and expectation, and cannot for any great length of time be under a delusion as to objects of desire which are inconsistent with the prevailing influence of the new spirit. It is hard amid the turmoil and bustle and steam-engine state of society to mingle among one's fellow-men, and yet not feel practically a sort of scepticism as to its being really true that the fashion of this world passeth away, and that all shall very shortly be absorbed in what is now reckoned as a distant future. . . . It often strikes me that at the present moment there is not any nation or tribe which can succeed to the place of European nations as the Goths to the Romans. If we are progressing, as all other Empires, from ripeness to decay, will it not be a final decay? for it is impossible to believe that any savages can succeed us. However, these are only speculation, and we have a 'more sure word of prophecy.'"

"*June* 6, 1844.

"I do not see my way very clearly; neither in a general way do I care to do so. I feel sure if God has any work He thinks fit to employ me in doing, I shall surely find peace and happiness in it. What need one seek for more? Of course it is impossible at all times to keep down *wishes*, but they need not interfere with steady progress along the straight line of duty.

"Our winter rains are commencing in earnest. It does one good to see some good honest dirty-looking *English*-like *clouds*—such a relief after constant sunshine and blue sky. Down pours the rain in torrents, and in a few days we shall see most beautifully exemplified the image of refreshment consequent on it. When will this extensive and dark continent be enlightened by the spiritual showers of God's grace?—a quarter of the known world lying under the dominion of the wicked one. How careful one is about trumpery personal interests, cares and prospects! In their degree these things trouble also these millions of native savages; but should not the thought of our glorious inheritance make us to differ from them more than it does? Look on to the end of life, and what becomes of our cares and troubles? How forcibly Taylor has expressed this: 'To die is to appear stript of everything but conscience in the open Presence of the Holy One.'"

"*August* 3, 1844.

"It certainly does me good to think that another of the family has a permanent home in old England, the land of all my thoughts. You people who 'live at home

at ease' do not half appreciate the blessing of your residence there; you breathe the atmosphere of English ideas, and of extending views of every subject, and you progress accordingly. It is as unregarded as the natural air which is of such importance to our bodily well-being. One longs to be in England once more, if only to watch the progress of thought. I find nothing more difficult than to keep down feelings of this nature. As a general rule, subduing matters of feeling is not difficult, early discipline in such things being of great avail, even without Christian principle. But somehow, if one is capable of loving anything in the world, and if it must be only *one* thing, that would be our country; not so much the actual locality, as the great universal English heart and soul—the thoughts inspired by the Father of all mercies that are directed to the advancement of the blessings of religion, humanity, and civilization.

"We speak of great men. We forget that His kingdom ruleth over all, and that

> "Thine eternal thought moves on
> Thine undisturbed affairs."

"All these are but the extraneous matters of the *world*, in the midst of which the kingdom and flock of Christ is marching, a small, compact band, through the wilderness in which they are dwelling. I confess my greater interest in universal than individual history—I mean in the general bearing of events on the cause of Christ, and consequent progress of truly enlightened ideas of government, duty, and all things connected

with them, than in personal actions and details, however wonderful or providential even, of which these events are composed. . . . Remember the saying of Myconius, 'Every work done in faith bears fruit.' See the case of one of our most magnificent bulbs, the 'Candelabra,' as it is commonly called (from its numerous radiating branches), bearing a brilliant flower on each. You can imagine its beauty. The bulb (often 2½ feet in circumference) is placed in the ground, and in a few months one welcomes luxuriant leaves, green and fresh. We anxiously wait for the flower, but lo! the leaves sicken and die, and the hopes of the unwise pass away; nothing remains but a bunch of dry and decayed matter. Six months elapse, and behold a small stalk comes out of the midst, and in a short time the inner life shows itself in all its glory and magnificence. I leave your own heart to find the moral."

To J. H. L.

"CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

"*July* 9, 1844.

"You will have heard by this time that since my return to the Cape from England I have applied to be relieved from this duty altogether and return to my company. . . . I am most thankful that God still permits me to have some opportunities of speaking a word for His cause, and has already made me useful to some here. This is the only thing I very much care for, and the certainty that He will do all things for me, in such a way as shall most tend to His own glory, makes me very indifferent as to the result of any of my own

wishes for the future. Of course I have my wishes the same as anybody else, but I always try to look forward to both sides of the question, and determine beforehand how I shall act in either case. I am more than ever convinced that the great object of Christian life should be the conversion of souls, and that therefore any and all providential arrangements should be regarded as so many methods of bringing one in contact with those whom He would have us influence for good. The thought sometimes nearly overwhelms me to think how great a hindrance I may possibly have been to many who are seeking the true way. Doubtless we all have our worldly and temporal duties, and we are responsible to God for their being performed with proper zeal and care. Yet how subordinate are they, how little one can find rest in the remembrance of their performance, in comparison to the great object of life in the eyes of Him who has purchased us to Himself in body, soul, and spirit. The papers show that Tractarian views are decidedly on the increase. I long to be in England and on the spot to observe all the various phases of opinion in the present day. I feel no doubt but that it will very shortly be necessary for all men to declare which side they take; and after much consideration of Church and political history, I am clearly of opinion that 'Oxford' is 'anti-Christian,' and am not quite sure whether we shall not eventually suffer at their hands a repetition of the ancient times of enmity. One great point on which it will be necessary to make a stand is a very fundamental principle of the party, that the clergy constitute the Church. If the laity once

yield this as a body, good-bye to the 'liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.' Of course I am aware that Scripture implies that such will be the case, and therefore I look forward to the future with no further anxiety than one must necessarily do on seeing perilous times so near at hand. But it is best to contemplate the days beyond these, when peace and righteousness shall dwell in the land. I am more convinced of the necessity of Establishments, and of the excellence of the Church of England. This makes me resolute in the determination never to yield to the unauthorized interference of any set of ministers, and least of all to admit their assumption of being 'the Church.'"

"*November* 27, 1844.

"My acquaintance here is not more extended than it used to be, but I thank God if it has not been altogether unprofitable to others. To bring the glad tidings of salvation to any of one's fellow-creatures is a delight and an honour which rejoices my heart. In comparison with the great realities, how small are all other interests! Let us glorify God in our work, but let us not forget that the things seen and temporal shall soon pass away, and nothing be left but what is hidden and eternal. I trust that in your solitary life among your many adventures the Lord of light and life may shed His beams over your heart, and enable you to hold fast by that blessed hope of immortal glory which we have in Him. I am very far from regretting my life here and its circumstances. I have by God's grace endeavoured to get a clear perception of the necessity of Christian

discipline, of the small value of honours and glory in any pursuit, and of those undying realities which constitute the real life of a reasonable being. How great are the conflicts with the sin which dwells within!"

To Miss King.

"*November* 12, 1844.

"I see the Tractarian party are still gaining ground in England. How one longs to foresee the end of these things! Possibly it may be the beginning of those days of trial which shall try the whole earth. It is curious and instructive to look forward to those days, and think over what there is in one's own character, and in the character of religion generally, which shall abide that day. How one is obliged to strip off one by one the many cherished opinions, and to make the circle which surrounds the truth smaller and smaller, till at last nothing hardly is left but the simple fact, the 'faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' There is, indeed, very little of that for which we now strive and contend that shall appear of any value when thoroughly illuminated by the fully revealed truth of God."

"*January* 12, 1845.

"It is Saturday night, but my observations will not allow me to go to bed till half-past eleven, and I shall begin again at half-past twelve on Sunday night—that is, Monday morning. It is a comfortable feeling to know that to-morrow is the day of rest, a whole day with no necessary interference of secular affairs, though it is

indeed hard to prevent the heart from wandering away from communion with God.

"I am going to have a 'house-warming,' to celebrate my return to my cottage (from the Anemometer Tower, now that Lieutenant Clerk has left). About thirty children are coming to drink tea with me, accompanied by their mothers. I assure you it is considered a very great delight to come and have a romp at the Observatory, of all places in the world. I always end the day with evening prayer and reading a short chapter, to show the children that innocent pleasures and religion may go hand in hand."

To Major Fawkes, 27th Regiment, then at Graham's Town:—

"*October* 9, 1844.

". . . . We had heard of your 'damp' journey from Algoa Bay; I am glad that its only evil was inconvenience. African rivers are awkward customers to cross when swollen with sudden rains. I have had some small specimens during my journey round the colony. . . . I hope you will find some opportunity of usefulness where you are. In this is the great spring of happiness; not only social affection and all kindly feeling, but religious ones too, must be kept alive by the means ordained of God—that is, practice. If we would have our own souls watered from above, we must seek to spread the refreshing dews of God's blessing."

"*February* 26, 1845.

". . . . I have ordered the Magazine to be sent to you. [This refers to the 'Cape Magazine,' a periodical

which he and others started at the Cape.] You must not judge of it too hardly as being only mediocre, because you have no idea of the difficulty of getting anyone to write for it. You might do good service if you got any missionary information '*first* hand,' or send some original matter for insertion. It sells very well. I have been getting ready some few criticisms on Greek words from Tillmon, Pearson, and Hooker, and others, which will I hope be of use in leading people to examine for themselves. The evil here is that all religious people are so led by their ministers; so if the ministers are slow the people are slow. On the whole, I should say independent inquiry is at a discount."

"*April* 2, 1845.

"I forwarded your papers to the Editor of the Magazine; he is much obliged, and would be glad if you would continue to send some. The anecdote of the Irish Society interested me very much, but I think it almost too directly against the Romanists to make its publication desirable in a small community. If it is *necessary* to attack Romanism, it should be done, but I think such things would be better left alone. I am not altogether satisfied with the Magazine. It does not take things in the earnest and serious way that I like. You will see a few words on the Holy Spirit in the last number, which I sent as a specimen of what I thought should appear in every number, but I am not sure that my opinion is not singular among those more immediately connected with it. So the 27th are coming down here. I shall indeed be glad of that. When

you come we can make a few short cruises in the country about. I feel the want of this sort of thing very much indeed, as one gets dreadfully lonely coming back to one's own den night after night. I spent Easter Sunday with Mr. Menzies at Sea Point. You have no idea what a loss the Macleans have been to me, as it was so very pleasant to have someone in the town with whom one could go and have a chat with all the freedom of old friends. . . . What a miserable fellow you must be without your wife! Is it not Cecil who said he felt as useless as half a pair of scissors?"

To J. H. L.

"*March* 1845.

"As members of the Church of England I think our place should be deep humility of heart. I am convinced that the unfaithfulness of the National Church has been a great cause of the deficiency of sound religion among the people, and the high and haughty language which her ultra-advocates now use will only estrange the affections of the people more and more from her. Placed in a position to be a most glorious witness for the truth of God, how little has she fulfilled her real object!—the stemming the torrent of sin and infidelity throughout the nation. My belief is that *something must* be done to make her complete for the work; alterations and ameliorations *must take place.* And the question is, shall it be done by friends or enemies? I anticipate with delight her being restored to former prosperity, and fully expect to see this most mighty and glorious engine directed with unresistible power and

energy, and overcoming the world of the wicked one. I confess to hailing with some feeling of pleasure the opposition of the laity to the *private* innovations of the clergy even in trifling matters. Why should any minister assume to himself, in a community of which I form a part, the power which he has no right to exercise? If customs are obsolete, by common consent let the Bishops as a body declare for their restoration, or else let them slumber in their inutility. In the former case I do sincerely believe that the laity as one man—such is their affection and *prejudice* in favour of the National Church (prejudice among those who are only formally attached to it)—would joyfully acquiesce in the decision. But I *almost* fear it is too late.

"I plod on in my inquiries historical and national. I want to gain experience of what has gone before, that I may apply it with wisdom to the present state of the country. I want to get enlarged views of the causes of national prosperity and happiness, and to examine into the alienation of the higher and lower classes among our countrymen. A singular work has lately interested me much, 'Quetelet's Treatise on Man,' a most curious work on statistics. Fancy my only reading 'Undine' for the first time! I suppose you know it well? Certainly it is one of the most original fictions that I ever read, and of exquisite beauty in many parts. Then I have an occasional pull at old 'Hooker' (ecclesiastical polity), and another at 'Pearson.' 'Tillman's Synonyms of the New Testament' has lately deeply interested me, almost like a new revelation, so clear has been the light the learned German has shed on the words of Scripture.

". . . . But in truth I have long since ceased to deal with acts; my desire is conformity to God more than *non-conformity to the world*, and *my* idea of the world is simply a body of persons, things, and opinions which have no reference to God. Consequently my rule becomes very simple—do nothing on which you cannot ask the blessing of God. I wish to keep what others think or do out of sight, and consider the matter with reference to God and myself. When satisfied of the lawfulness of a thing the next question is its expediency; will it cause a weak brother to offend, will it hinder the work which every man has to do?"

"*June* 10, 1845.

". . . . I feel so annoyed and hurt with myself about having been uncivil in writing to —— at various times that I hardly know what to do. . . . I have gone through a sort of mental suffering during the last four years that I should dread to encounter again. At times I felt as if I should go mad. I can of course trace it to a great extent to the fact of not vehemently contending against these sort of things, and allowing prayer to be overcome and set aside. I have felt as if prayer were a mockery on my part, and as if all my life had been one miserable delusion. Such has been the power of two at least of our great enemies, the flesh and the devil, that I have sometimes been tempted to give up all hope of salvation. You may imagine the unfit state I was in to do anything, and how irritable and annoyed I was at anything that took place. I feel that the work here will prove so far inferior to all the rest, that I look back upon the past with the most sincere regret. . . . I do most

sincerely hope that I am at last relieved from these great temptations, and I feel better in health and spirits than I have done for a very long time."

"*August* 19, 1845.

". . . . It is indeed a pleasure to hear from one's old friends. Though there may be points on which we may differ, yet let us hope that an enlarged acquaintance with men and things, and a more comprehensive view of the world that now is as well as the one that is to come, may always enable us to bear with one another. I thank God, who has at least taught me this since my arrival at the Cape: that if there are many points on which men may differ, there are also very innumerable ones in which they may go hand in hand. I do feel most truly infinite satisfaction in this thought, so congenial to all the best feelings of one's heart and mind. . . . One cannot but feel grateful for being permitted to make valued friends wherever one goes; and I shall leave some here that I shall have as friends during my whole life."

To Miss King.

"*October* 22, 1845.

"I am rather amused at your method of advancing your opinion by giving a quotation. Do you remember it? 'Praise and encouragement are the best school for a noble soul; where, on the contrary, severity and unjust blame either render it timid or awaken defiance and storm.'

"Somebody gave me the pleasant information a few

days ago, in these words: 'You certainly contrive to mystify everybody completely, and it was only after I had known you for three years that I felt at all sure I knew the extent of what you meant.' Rather pleasant that!!

"Now I dare say I may have mystified you very often without having the slightest intention of doing so, and perhaps the above is a case in point. If so, let us talk it over. I need not say much on the latter part of the proposition, for I conclude you will at least give me credit for not desiring to awaken defiance and storm, or to render any heart 'timid' that ought to be dauntless and steady. I suppose, also, that you will give me credit for not desiring the use of 'severity,' which implies either ignorance of the failings of the human character or indifference to its difficulties. Nor I think will you suspect me of wishing to use 'unjust blame,' which implies unchristian folly. This then remains—'Praise and encouragement are the best school for a noble soul.' If this means anything, it must mean that it is the best method of making a noble soul more noble, to educate it to nobleness of feeling.

"If you mean that praise will stimulate to exertion, I quite agree with you; but if you mean that the feeling which praise produces, and which is in reality the cause of the exertion, is noble, I fear I cannot agree with you. If you think that you know any instance in which a noble-minded person of any age was ever praised without experiencing a feeling nearly allied to *shame*, I can only say that my experience is different. The fact

is, we mean different things by 'praise.' Your quotation ought to be 'praise *or*,' not '*and* encouragement.' Just read the quotation again carefully, and you will find it is all stuff; perhaps not *true*, for a 'noble soul' could not be awakened to 'defiance and storm' by anything so absurd. That is *my* idea of what the true nobility of a soul really consists, and I suspect *your* idea too if you would only acknowledge it. Depend on it the lady when she wrote it had no conception what it really meant; it sounded very fine, and doubtless a liberal application of 'butter' to her would be a most excellent method of eliciting another dose of wisdom."

To Major Fawkes, 27th Regiment, then returned to England:—

"*November* 21, 1845.

"I was glad to hear of your voyage being so pleasant so far, and hope it continued to be so till you landed in old England. . . . I pine for England; *here* one lives individually; *there* one seems part of a whole. To keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace with all Christians is easy; but when there is little agreement as to the *means* of extending the glorious news, all exertions are hindered. The Dissenters on the frontier are devouring one another in a newspaper war. God grant that the Gospel be not hindered. I find less inclination every day to go out of my den and mix with others. It is bad to be alone so much perhaps. How difficult to find anyone who thinks in the same manner, and to the *same* amount, as oneself. Some have gone deeper, and we do not understand them; some see from a different point, and it is hard to

make them believe that it alters its aspect according to our position. Let us pray for that true liberality which will enable us to think differently. Much happiness is derivable from communion of heart when there is perfect agreement. So you married people have the advantage of us. Why is it not so always? Simply, I think, because no pains are taken to identify hearts, hopes, wishes, or feelings. The lovely type of married life whereby the Saviour expresses His connection with His Church is too seldom before the eyes of the world. . . . When God blesses us with earthly blessings, I say drink deep down to the dregs. But remember His eye is on you. The end of the chain is in Jesus' hand before the Father's throne. Daily acknowledge this, and the heart is kept steady. The temporal and visible we have but to do with, and shall the heart shrink from being tried by prosperity any more than by adversity?

"When our eyes are fixed on the glorious scenery of the 'Delectable Mountains' what care we whether the road be rough or smooth? Yet if it *is* smooth, let us exult that we have not the 'promise' only, but the realization of the 'life that now is.' One hears people talking of 'improving our adversities.' I prefer improving my prosperities. Show me the man expert by God's teaching in the latter, and I feel sure he will not be found wanting when the former necessity comes. . . .

"Mann has had a bad fall from his horse on his head, and has been very ill. I have been doing doctor's assistant, putting on leeches, &c., and taking general charge of him; and luckily I have had observations which

have occupied me till 2 A.M. for several nights, so I could run over and take a look at him occasionally. We hope now he will be all right in a few days.

"Last week I took a cruise with Cockburn, of the flag-ship—a good tour for six days. The two passes Kloof and New Berg I had never seen before. I purpose making a similar scramble in the direction of the Berg River; and having seen these, I shall have gone over nearly the whole of the colony."

To J. H. L.

"*February* 2, 1846.

"Your letter touches upon many very important points, in the main of which we are agreed. The idea of making balls, &c., a *test*, I am sure you will feel is far from my views. At the same time, I must candidly say that the many difficulties attending the method of entering into such things would alone prevent my doing so. I think myself, that in so far as the *world* has made them a test, so far ought we to abstain from them. The world is pretty sharp in its observation of men's practice, and as it happens that this particular distinction has been expected by the world, I am not disinclined to adopt it. When I know that the great Apostle to the Gentiles says that even 'an idol is nothing in the world' *per se*,—only bad in the spirit and effects, I can of course very easily enter into any man's feelings who thinks a ball, &c., nothing in the world. *I* believe it to be nothing in the world, but I cannot conceal from myself that my presence there would lead to a dissipation of mind not advantageous to me (personally) as a Christian,

nor do I think that either my opportunities or means of usefulness would be extended by it. My hope and desire is, over and above my own advancement in the path of life, to be the means of pointing it out to others. There is, to my mind, a solemnity and a responsibility attached to the fact of being named by the name of Christ, which, while it causes me to exult, also makes me fear lest I should not bear a clear testimony, not only with my lips, but with my life. But I am far from making a rule for others. To his own Master every man stands or falls. My *taste* does not lead me to that sort of society. I would enter it on duty, but my delight is in familiar intercourse with such families as can understand the spirit with which a Christian *desires*, at least, to be actuated. The unity of Jesus Christ with His people, and of these last with one another, provides me with a satisfying portion with respect to external intercourse. True, it limits it very greatly; for instance, I am only on intimate terms with two families here. Yet I meet others not even professing to be serious, whenever occasion calls on me to do so; and more than this, I take every opportunity, by acts of forethought and kindness, to show that the love of Christ is true philanthropy. I therefore reckon it as much an act of charity to save money that I may make a suitable present to my equal in rank and station, as to spend the same money in feeding the poor. I may perhaps be speaking unwisely, but I know not how to explain my feeling more clearly. Employment in the work of converting souls is, to my mind, the most blessed and desirable, and I can only act according to what my experience

has hitherto been, viz. a relaxation of personal advancement and usefulness whenever I have tried the opposite plan.

"To speak a word in season to a perishing fellow-sinner is a glorious thing, and indeed I have found that it is a wonderful preservative against the peculiar wickedness of my heart to have some such thing in hand. I hope that the Apostle's words 'I die daily' begin to be more clearly comprehended by me, though very far as yet from being so to their full extent; and when I feel myself advancing towards the commencement of our true and eternal life, my heart finds no enjoyment (though as a duty I can do it, and therefore think it no *sin*) in the relaxation of worldly society. *Fruit* in oneself and others, is not an unsafe test. How I should like to talk over many things with you, for doubtless a residence in foreign lands has done us both good, has doubtless enlarged our hearts and made them more gentle, considerate, and tender. I often think that if by God's grace I could think and speak gently, even of the *prejudices* of others, I should be doing a great deal to the honour of the Saviour of them that believe."

The next letters in order of time bear on one of the many local wars which have afflicted South Africa. In 1817, and again in 1834, the Caffres had invaded English territory, and now—in 1846—troubles arose again with them.

The following letters were written to Mrs. Maclear

at the Observatory, Cape Town—the first while he was accompanying Judge Menzies on the judge's official tour into the interior of the colony, and the second while with Sir Peregrine Maitland in the Caffre war:—

"As perhaps you would all like to hear something about our 'travels,' I send you a few lines relating to our adventures hitherto. You probably heard that we only just crossed the Erste River in time, as the heavy rain on the night of the 1st September flooded the whole country, and rendered it impassable. The inn lately established at the above-named place is exceedingly comfortable. A dinner fit for aldermen was set before us, though as we had not then commenced to 'rough it' we could not appreciate it so much as I imagine we should have done in about another month's time. The next day we started in good time, and found the Louventy Rivière in Hottentot Holland quite impassable, the stream very full, rapid, and the bottom covered with large stones; so we were obliged to draw up the waggons by the road-side, and wait as patiently as we could till it subsided. In performing this manœuvre, the water being nearly inside the waggons which were on the road, the leaders took fright and turned short round, all but capsizing the waggon, which providentially did not occur, or I fear it would have been a serious matter. Towards sunset the stream was pronounced passable, and we accordingly attempted it, one waggon at a time. Both waggons stuck in the river, and it required the exertions of both spans of horses to extricate one after the other. The road from the Erste River to Hottentot Holland is most execrable, and occupied us the whole afternoon.

This was my first and last ride in the waggon, which gave me a bad headache, and altogether made me very uncomfortable. One feels so insulted by being bumped and shaken in so unceremonious a manner. Unable to sit still for one moment, poked by boxes, pushed by portmanteaus, squeezed by carpet bags, such a smell from broken wine bottles, altogether form a most ungentlemanlike combination of discomforts. We did not reach the fort of Sir Lowry's Pass till sunset. A most miserable sort of inn, close, dirty, and swarming with certain active animals not very rare in the colony. The judge has, however, provided boxes laden with good cheer, by which the inner man can be fortified against these small annoyances. In Sir Lowry's Pass we met a cart and four horses coming down, which detained us a long time, as we had to lift the cart past our waggons, there not being sufficient space to drive past. This was a very long and cold day's ride, and we did not reach any sleeping place till long after dark, and were much delayed by the rivers being flooded and one waggon sticking fast in the mud. It was not till Sunday forenoon that we reached Captain Ranier's, just in time for service, which he always reads to a considerable number of Hottentots and others who assemble from the surrounding farms and country. This was a welcome rest. Judge Menzies and the rest of the party went on on Monday afternoon, but I remained till Tuesday morning, and overtook them at breakfast on the road. Since that day I have always ridden, the Governor having ordered the 'Field Cornets' to provide relays of horses for me with the judge's. This is very pleasant, as it enables me to see

more of the country, and the exercise of riding fifty miles a day is very refreshing. The horses are sometimes rather indifferent and rough in their paces; one fell over with me, but without damage to himself or me, or to my barometer, which I have carried on my back hitherto. My magnetical instrument was a little damaged the second day, as Lindsay placed it on one of the seats instead of on the floor of the waggon. We have once broken one of the axletrees of a waggon, and in going down a steep hill the drag chain broke and very nearly upset the other waggon; but beyond the delay occasioned by these things everything has gone on smoothly. We remain here till Monday. I should like to have crossed over to Knysna from here, about two days' ride, but as I could not do so without travelling on Sunday, and not wishing to do so merely for pleasure, I shall not see what is considered the most lovely part of the country. Perhaps I can manage it on my return. The flowers are looking splendid, many varieties of heaths and bulbs quite different from those about the Observatory, but there will be more in another month. Judge Menzies has promised to return by the Rango Caves instead of across the Karoo. George is a wretched place—about thirty straggling houses, on a broad, flat, dusty road. Craddock's Pass is behind it, about one hour distant. The country hitherto has been ugly and uninteresting; nothing but a succession of hills, all so exactly similar that it would be difficult to assert that they were not the same."

"CAMP, FISH RIVER MOUTH,
"*July* 3, 1846.

". . . . We came back here yesterday, after being absent three days scouring the Fish River Bush. It is difficult to give you any idea of the sort of place it is; it consists of varieties of cactus, and extends, on a sort of belt, for about two to four miles on each bank of the river, from the mouth up to near the source. It may convey some idea of the difficulties when I tell you that Captain Hogg (7th Dragoons) entered it with 200 men at 9 P.M. on Tuesday, and with only three hours' halt did not emerge from it on the ridge above till 4 P.M. on Wednesday. Above 1200 infantry passed through it on this occasion, and the movements were so arranged that they beat the bush and concentrated on the ridge above about the same time. The cavalry and Royal Artillery were posted on the ridge, and had there been any Caffres willing to fight they must have been exterminated; as it was, there were none. . . . The whole thing shows that the Caffre has no more chance *in* the bush than out of it. The regulars are the only arm that can be depended on in this or any other part of the affair.

"We move our camp to-morrow, to fresh water, that where we are being now all swallowed up by the oxen, horses, and men of our division. In a day or two we move against Pato, on the Keiskama, and if this move be made properly we ought to settle Pato and take forty or fifty thousand head of cattle in three or four days. But these are not the days of quick moves.

". . . . I regret that they have applied for a few

observations, which I fear cannot be made till my return; but I trust that the Government will consider the exigency of the times such that the primary duty of the soldier must be considered in preference to the secondary and more peaceful one."

The following, also to Mrs. Maclear, is from a mutual friend, Mrs. Menzies:—

"*July* 3, 1846.

"I am requested by Captain Wilmot, from whom I heard on Saturday, to let you and your family know that he is well, in the midst of incessant anxiety, warfare, and confusion, as you will believe when you read some of the particulars of his letter. On the 18th the Governor and his staff, Captain Wilmot and a small escort, in a ride to reconnoitre the ford and banks of the Keiskama, saw Caffres all around them, and in returning to Post Victoria were all but cut off to a man. The 27th Regiment lost a sergeant, but through the mercy of God all our friends with the Governor were saved. On Saturday morning the camp cattle were seized and driven off, which being followed by 27th, Captain Hogg and twelve dragoons, they were attacked by 300 Caffres only two miles from camp. Providentially at this juncture Captain Sutton and some Cape Corps arrived from Block Drift, who went out to their relief and brought them back to camp, the Caffres following close upon them. Captain Wilmot says the Caffres are most daring, and that it threatens to be a long war."

To J. H. L.

"H.M.S. 'APOLLO,'
"*October* 1846.

"It was on the 26th March, 1846, that Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor at the Cape, began to express uneasiness about the state of affairs, and ordered up two remaining companies of the 27th Regiment under the Lieut.-Colonel, and a 9-pr. and 24-pr. howitzer (brass) under me, to be worked by men of the 27th. We embarked next day (27th March) in H.M. steamer 'Thunderbolt,' and reached Algoa Bay in four days. Here we had great difficulty in getting oxen for the baggage and guns, but finally set out for Graham's Town, putting the country in as good a state of defence as we were able. The farmers and their families were flying in all directions, as it was hourly expected that the Caffres would invade the colony. We organized various camps and defensible posts on our route, and finally reached Graham's Town in about fourteen days —as fearful a march, as regards intense heat, &c., as you can imagine. In the meantime the Governor's anxiety was such that he could not stay at Cape Town, but got the flag-ship to take him to Algoa Bay, and overtook us one day before we arrived at G. Town. Lieut.-Colonel Johnstone, who commands the 27th, was made Commandant of G. Town; and I being the only R.A. officer present (the other being in the field with the demi-batteries), I mounted guns, &c., for the defences, and also equipped some mountain guns and made various other arrangements for the good of our own particular branch of the service, finding an able co-

adjutor and most zealous fellow in the storekeeper, Mr. Saunders. After some days the Governor marched to Post Victoria, escorted by a troop of dragoons, some of the 27th, and my 9-pr. field gun. We found no opposition, and on the third day reached Victoria. No words can describe the march, for the heat was so intense, without a breath of air, that I could only just sit on my pony. There was only one river, and when we came to it the men and oxen rushed into it like mad things. The two field divisions of the force had marched out of Victoria three days before, with the intention of attacking the Caffres, leaving about fifty men of the 91st, under Captain Barney, at that post. On the day after our arrival the Governor rode out at daybreak to examine the drift upon one of the rivers, accompanied by fifteen dragoons and a few officers, of whom I was one. We were not aware till after some hours that the Caffres were all round us, and it was only by the greatest providence that the whole party were not cut off. An officer and four men of the Cape Corps and one bugler were killed. Next morning, as the day broke, I walked out in my shirt to look at my oxen, when a shot was fired at the man herding them, which carried off the lock of the gun he had over his shoulder, and immediately after a large body of the enemy drove off our cattle, in number about 900, thus leaving a long train of waggons without any means of being moved. A few troops were sent out to recover them, but they did not wait for my 6-pr. (which being lighter I was getting under weigh), and consequently were driven back across the open plain by a body of 3000 Caffres, with a loss of

one sergeant 27th killed, and several men and horses wounded. Nothing but the opportune arrival of an express for His Excellency, escorted by 80 Cape Corps, saved the whole party, for the Caffres were taken by surprise, and fancied one of the divisions was coming up. All I could do was to put the guns in such a position as should cover the retreat of the troops into the post. The Caffres were a detachment from the party which had captured Colonel Somerset's waggons at Block Drift the day before, an account of which you may have seen in the papers.

"The Governor left Victoria next day, and I was left at the post with one 24-pr. howitzer (brass) and two artillerymen, with a detachment of 100 men of the 27th Regiment under a captain. Here I stayed nearly a month, in constant expectation of being attacked. We put the *Fort* into some sort of a defensible state, which it was not before, and had a very unpleasant time of it, as the heat was great, and the water very salt, and the tents very hot. At last the Governor ordered me into Fort Beaufort, and made me Deputy-Assistant Quarter-master-General, in which capacity I remained from 5th May to 20th July; then, having passed with the army over the Keiskama, I asked leave to return, and made the best of my way to Cape Town, but S—— had not arrived, so I could not leave the Observatory. He came in September, and on 7th October I got a passage on board H.M.S. 'Apollo.'

"I do not at all regret my frontier service, as it showed me the duties of a very important Staff office,

and to a certain extent enabled me to be of some use to the army in general and to my brother officers. Mr. Maclear started a few days before me to go on with the arc of meridian on the northern end of the colony, which will occupy him nearly a year, and hard work. He will experience some of the difficulties we met with in the war, namely, excessive drought and salt water. In one march it was necessary to destroy 300 horses; and I suppose that 10,000 oxen would hardly replace those expended in the transport service from starvation and drought. The whole country is one desert, and both man and beast are reduced to the utmost need. Our people, as usual, did excellently. The guns, &c., are used in the Horse Artillery fashion, as it would be impossible to move with men sitting on the limbers—eight horses to each gun, and the two centre drivers, light Hottentot boys, a dragoon or two acting as horse-holders when in action. I was astonished at the places the guns managed to get across.

". . . . And so ends my Cape life. Many mercies have followed me. . . . Finding that S—— is not very well off, I could not ask him to repay me anything that I had laid out to make the place habitable, and therefore presented him with all, besides odds and ends of furniture. I am no richer than I was, except that I have been able to help others. . . . I tell you all these things as in old times, as I do not intend the fact of your having married to separate you from me.

"We must still go on working together for our Master, and for the good of the regiment, endeavouring with

humility and love to show forth the power of the Gospel." *

The next few letters, written on his arrival in England, and before his appointment to the Royal Military Academy, are interesting from a subjective point of view.

To Major Fawkes.

"BLACKHEATH,
"*December* 23, 1846.

". . . . Glorious old England, how I do rejoice in its very cold and ugliness! I hope to make this, my sister's, Mrs. Blackwell's, house, my head-quarters for the winter, and assist her in 'whipping-in' her boys. . . .

"I am hoping for a troop of Horse Artillery, two of which will be vacant soon, both at Woolwich, where I should much like to be for a couple of years—I mean if I had any voice in the matter, for I thank God, who saves me from the smallest anxiety about such things, by a firm conviction that 'it is well' to be passive in His hands, and that wherever He sends us there is work to be done, and wherein does practical happiness consist but in doing His work?

". . . . I have not heard anything of the Cape since I left. Lord Grey and Mr. Hawes cross-questioned me a good deal about the Caffre affair. They opened their eyes when I pitched into the Government. If people ask questions of soldiers they must expect plain answers. We simple folks don't understand diplomacy. . . . Some

* For his service in this war, coupled with his distinguished scientific attainments, General Wilmot subsequently received the Good Service Pension.

people's hearts only grow in one direction, which is neither noble nor Christian-like. We are all too apt to be satisfied with being happy in our own way, instead of the Christ-like practice of *giving* happiness to others in *their* way."

To A. J. Lawrence.

"*January* 1847.

". . . . Even the poorest among us, holding our little as from God, can manage to husband it so as to appropriate a large tithe to the more immediate service of the Master. Thanks be to Him, we are all called to the same warfare, and though the actual amount of help we can be to others may be small, yet the great work of self-denial, being common to all, bends all the family of God into one fellowship of spirit. . . . The day comes when things that are shall be as though they were not. As this day draws nearer, let us live in a more abiding faith, a more vigorous hope, and a deeper love. There is much need. I thank God that the Epistle to the Ephesians becomes more and more dear to me daily. What a portrait of the advanced Christian! The contemplation of it often fills me with joy. Would to God that the reality of the child of God corresponded with the idea of what he should be, not perfectly, for that perhaps can only be hereafter. But as it *shall* be hereafter, what an evidence is this that all our efforts are expended on a *certainty!*

"The inner life of believers, proceeding from communion with God, is hidden with Christ in God. Its appearance does not yet correspond with its nature. 'But when Christ, who is our life, shall appear,' then

shall our hidden life correspond in its appearance to Christ's. Let us rest in hope.

"Dixon, Domvile, and many of our old friends are here; Dixon as fresh and hearty and keen for good as ever. He is doing a good work for the regiment in improving the style of study in the senior department of the cadets, of which he has charge."

To Miss King.

"BLACKHEATH,
"*December* 3, 1846.

"I do indeed feel thankful to feel myself once more in old England. . . . What are trials? Are they not a necessary part of our existence? We mistake in supposing that they are something unnatural and foreign. They are as much part and parcel of us as our breathing and pulsation. Not that I think there may not be many a soul to whom God may not think it necessary to send such trials as fall to the lot of others. In some the willing mind may be ready to run in the way of His commandments. Therefore let us thank Him for *all* things; the inner man cannot be touched by the *world*, which includes all that is visible and tangible."

To J. H. L.

"*January* 1847.

". . . . How I do long for a few months' quiet reading, study, and thought. The multitude of things that remind me of my ignorance distress me. I value knowledge especially as a means of adding credit to our corps. In the common course of things the days will come when

the Government will be glad to turn to the Ordnance Corps more than they do now. How important, then, that we who shall one day be at the head, if we live long enough, should strive to fill our hearts with enlarged and manly notions. I thank God for a desire to do this, and am glad to feel that however small my own actions may be, yet that my heart's desire is to assist others."

On his return from the Cape he was almost immediately appointed to be captain of the cadet company, at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, which post he held for seven and a half years, from January 1847 to July 1854.

To Major Fawkes.

"*January* 28, 1847.

". . . . I did not forget you on Sunday [the day of the baptism of his godson, Wilmot Fawkes]. May our heavenly Father grant of His exceeding love an early answer to the prayers. Yet the Christian's work is to hope against hope. Sure I am that the genius of the Gospel intends that Christianity should become the law of life in early childhood, and that it is a perversion that in these days, after so many years, we should still be engaged in converting adults in a professedly Christian land. You and I, who have seen the children of other lands, cannot but feel how exactly alike they everywhere are up to a certain age, and therefore how universally applicable is the Gospel in this point of view.

"I dare say you have heard of the commission of enquiry about the Woolwich Academy. They have

finished their work, and among other things have requested me to take the command of the cadet company, a heavy responsibility which I would gladly avoid. But yet the 'call' is so evidently of God, being quite out of my desire, that I cannot decline it.

"I need not say how much I need your prayers, that the grace of God may accompany me in the work; otherwise who would be sufficient? Of course I am not such an ass as not to feel it is a great compliment under all the circumstances, but I trust this does not blind me to the contemplation of the invisible and eternal results, and the future account. I can only pray that I may be a willing instrument for good, or at least be shown my unfitness, that I may resign if necessary."

To Miss King.

"R. M. ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
"*February* 10, 1847.

"You are perhaps aware that the authorities captured me at once, and I had to join at a few days' notice, without any uniform. This last article I have at last procured, and feel excessively like a 'hog in armour,' not having worn any for more than seven years. At present I am obliged to be a great deal at the barracks, but after a time, if things go smoothly, there will be plenty of time for other occupations.

"I dare say that eventually I shall get deeply interested in the work. It is quite impossible not to feel that nothing but the preventing grace of God can in any degree enable me to lead 200 young fellows in anything like a straight path. I made the cadets a speech a few

days ago in their hall which appeared rather to astonish them, as they had small ideas of earthly duties being brought to the standard of heavenly law. Of course it will be but uphill work at first, and it would be absurd to look for any fruit at present. But I do hope with God's help something may be done to elevate the tone of feeling among them, and to make a community of right-feeling boys."

To J. H. L.

"R. M. ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
"*April* 20, 1847.

". . . . Some of us are called to one thing, some to another. Here, for instance, the fact of my being alone and having no one to consider has had its advantages, for it enabled me when they proposed to have sergeants as spies of the cadets, as at Sandhurst, to say plump that if they did they must find somebody else to work the system. Everybody appears to have got hold of the erroneous idea that a man must necessarily do a thing either for the 'loaves and fishes,' or for credit and honour, as if the stronger motive of doing one's duty, to which one has been legitimately called, was a mere imaginary matter.

". . . . Well, never mind, in a few years our fights will be all over. God grant that we have acquitted ourselves like men in our various paths. I thank God that it is one eternal fight in this world, so much more eagerly do we look forward to that continuing city. Under present circumstances I also have cause to bless Him, for in this situation a door of usefulness is opened,

with sufficient work to employ me and sufficient leisure to give me time to do many other things.

"Don't fear that I shall act the 'sergeant-major;' it is not my way of doing things. We get on very well, and I think the cadets are tolerably contented. On the whole they are remarkably steady; of course one cannot expect, and perhaps ought not to hope for, a total quiescence from all offence. I think their tone of feeling is improving, and that by being more trusted and not watched in any way their confidence in themselves will increase. One must always bear in mind the immense variety and great strengh of the temptations with which they have to contend, and I think that my fundamental principle of action towards them in all my intercourse should be to assist them as much as possible in getting through the institution. If one can once identify oneself with them, and cause them to feel that it is so, one may hope to influence them in many ways. A character formed under a system of coercion is necessarily very faulty; but here we have sufficient authority to leave that to be the very last means of effecting the object in view."

To Miss King.

"*May* 5, 1847.

"I am still houseless, and my prospect of getting into my habitation is not very good. The engineers still potter on, and I look at them daily with a sort of 'kick-him-down-stairs' feeling, not by any means of a charitable tendency. In the mean time things go on pretty smoothly with the cadets."

"*June* 26, 1847.

"I do not hesitate to say that I would at once send off any boy who was guilty of falsehood, not only on account of its guilt and ungentlemanly bearing, but also of the impossibility of dealing with young men in a military establishment in any other way than as *gentlemen*, and if they are allowed to act on any other principle the whole system fails. We never use any other means of detection than the simple asking for the offenders, and this is the only spirit in which the army as a body could hold together. The fact is, that the profession of the soldier can and ought to be one of the most liberal and chivalrous in spirit, having to deal with characters so various and conduct so very inexplicable. Your true soldier is a type of your true Christian; he obeys the orders and forms of his profession, but the spirit of it, hidden from the eyes of others, urges him no less steadily to physical activity in times of service than to mental *harmonization* with his brethren in times of peace.

"Just think, if the army were *very* different to what it is now, there is not a family in this land that would not feel it. Mind this, we all have a great work for ourselves. True, but a no less one for others. Are we not the leaven which should leaven the mass? grasping at the heart of everyone with whom we are brought into contact, and making them feel that we are fellows with them in every thought and feeling that can enter into the human breast. How deep and wide and boundless is that ocean of fellow-spirits which hasten on with us in the full development of body, soul, and spirit in the

world of the coming one. Well has one said, of the earth, earthy. Thank God for one's *two* lives. How completely irrespective of events is that unseen and eternal one, which admits at the same time of the deepest interest in the mind and conduct of those around us."

"*September* 30, 1847.

"I can hardly explain how much I feel about this place. It is a sort of feeling which, as long as I am here, seems to absorb everything, and the very idea of doing anything, however pleasant, that shuts out any opportunity of doing the work in hand, fills me with discomfort. It is so difficult to *get at* the cadets in my position. They regard me so much as the 'commanding officer,' and it is so necessary to keep up discipline, that it is very hard to make them identify themselves with me. . . . My time is essentially theirs, and everything must give way to its being occupied in their service. Of course I am prepared for its being uphill work all the way to the end, but am sure that rest can only be found, not in success, but in endeavour.

". . . . I get so anxious about these cadets, that I hardly know what to do. I don't care a fig about success, except so far as they are concerned. Errors of judgment now may do them so much harm."

To Major Fawkes.

"*June* 25, 1847.

"Since I got into my house, and have seen more of the state of affairs, I feel the more how constantly I ought to be on the spot. In fact it appears to me as a

sort of thing which a man ought to do with all his heart. I do not care the least for amusement or recreation, so long as I think (and it may be only a *fancy*) that I can devise some better arrangement touching these boys placed under my care. It is impossible to explain the sort of feeling that I have towards them; I hope a sincere love and earnest desire to do them good. As long as they are assembled here, I cannot be comfortable to be away. This may appear absurd, and give you the idea that I fidget them, but that would be a mistake. It is only by seeing and hearing of them under constantly varying circumstances that I can see and know what is good for them. I thank God, who has given me something on which my thoughts and heart can actively rest."

"*December* 13, 1847.

"This half-year has been a painful one. Three or four cases of drunkenness, and four sent away for a bad case of ill-treatment of a little cadet. This is a thing I will never pass over. I understand a fellow getting a good thrashing, if he is cool and deserves it, but I do not understand four great fellows beating a boy in a cruel manner; one being a 'corporal,' was 'dismissed,' which involves the impossibility of entering the army, and so is a very severe punishment. I am deeply grieved for it, and for the parents, but I cannot act otherwise. Still there are many things that augur well of our internal state, and these I thankfully accept as indications of improvement. I think my having some corporals to dine on Saturday, and some of the little boys to spend

Sunday evening with me works well, and is pleasant and not altogether useless to them, though it is a great tax to lose two evenings of quietness."

Soon after his going to the Royal Military Academy the following notice was circulated:—

"Submitted to the Ordnance Corps, by the permission and with the approbation of the Master-General.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY,
"*July* 23, 1847.

"It having been felt desirable that some attempt be made to encourage a spirit of attachment on the part of the officers of the Ordnance Corps towards the place where they were educated, and thus not only elevate their feeling during the period of their cadetship, but also foster a spirit of unity in after life: it has been thought that a commencement might be made in so important an undertaking by rendering the hall of the cadet barracks an object of greater interest.

"The amount of good feeling and nationality to be found among young persons is very considerable, but greater fruit is to be expected if these feelings are directed and fixed; and while the history of most countries shows that the patriotism of after years is in proportion to the veneration for the institutions of the country, the amount of the attachment has no small dependence on the feeling of hearty love towards the public schools and colleges where the youth of them has been passed. The Royal Military Academy possesses as little means of nourishing such feelings as any

public institution. There is, however, great difficulty in creating these feelings in after life, and the present proposition, brought to bear at the only point where the two corps are identical, is respectfully put forth as a commencement, in the confident expectation that it will commend itself to many minds, and that all will see its bearing on the tone of feeling in the R. M. A. and the Ordnance Corps.

"It being the intention to clean and repaint the hall, it is proposed to add further decorations by placing painted windows in it according to the accompanying designs, to be paid for by subscription among officers of the Ordnance Corps."

This document bears no *name*, but the authorship is evident.

To J. H. L.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY,
"*September* 1847.

"Many can be found to abuse the system and wish the whole concern abolished, but one cannot waste time in talking of such probabilities. Such men forget that in the mean time a great work is to be done on the hearts, habits, and characters of many young men brought under the present system, and that any delay injures them more or less. In all my experience I do not think I ever had to bring forward so often the broad, and, as I think, Scriptural principle, that if work is to be done it must be done with the means provided to hand. Let us work them up well, and as soon as they evidently

fail, the argument in favour of something better becomes unanswerable. Neither can I justify myself in coming to the conclusion that because my present means are not the best that therefore I shall only *talk* about improving them, and refuse to aid in making the best of the old."

Soon after going to the Academy he published a small book for the cadets, called 'Soldierly Discipline,' founded on the Regulations of the Royal Military Academy. I think his children have all seen it, but it has long been out of print. I here copy the last paragraph of the concluding remarks, for the benefit of the friends of him who wrote the words:—

"*Set an object before you.*

"Let that object be any but one thing—self. Our own will is to be used as the means, not exalted into an end. In so much as we set up our own will we separate ourselves from others, and make it impossible to co-operate with them. The great object of life, to which all ought to be subservient, relates to self; and yet the success with which we prosecute it depends almost entirely on the subjecting of self. Self-sinful is to be humbled, that the redeemed self may be exalted in the Redeemer. Next to this great concern of being joined to Christ in a life of holiness and obedience, come the numerous duties that we owe to others. The military profession furnishes many objects worthy of a man's energy. Deficiencies, for instance, exist in various departments; and these are too often concealed by others.

New times produce fresh wants, both moral and physical. Examine them all, and determine to amend such as come within your influence. Undertake nothing hastily, but having deliberately commenced, never give up anything that cannot be proved to be wrong in principle. If it is combatted as a matter of opinion only, it may be necessary that you be silent; but let it slumber quietly in your mind, having strength added as circumstances appear to favour it, until the time of action comes. When it *has* come, toss your heart right into the work, and let your endeavours and acts follow it with the energy of success. When the heart goes first, spectres vanish.

"And remember that you have to deal with men—with living hearts, with various prejudices; with men of divers ages, with perverse wills, with strong affections. Soldiers are not dead matter, and the officer who knows his duty will above all things cultivate that frame of mind which will enable him to maintain his position with firmness and kindness.

"The heart should be kept alive to all impressions that may subserve his purpose. The experiences and affections of childhood, youth, manhood, age, are not to be cut off and laid aside when these periods shall be respectively passed; but being shut up, telescope-like, one within the other, they should be ready at all times for daily use, until the visions and hopes of life becoming more and more dim, they are all carried by the complete Christian soldier into the presence of his God, there to be once more drawn out before the face of the assembled world."

Another subject in which he was greatly interested was the Royal Artillery Institution, which now stands at the east end of the barracks at Woolwich, and which owes so much to him that many of his friends look upon it as a sort of monument of the energy, perseverance, and patience with which he worked and strove for what he felt to be for the welfare of his regiment in assisting the professional education of his brother officers. The following letter alludes to it:—

To J. H. L.

"*January* 20, 1848.

"There now remains for you and me, and for all of us in our several places, to work out the principles, and looking beyond our own short careers, endeavour to raise up a race of men whose hearts shall be keen for the cause of the regiment, and force the authorities to let them assume that place to which they are entitled. The greatness of the work sometimes appals me—such a mass of selfishness and indifference; yet here is clearly our calling. In my day I do not expect to see the fruit of better things, but if we can multiply men who with religious truth hold also the truth that life should pervade all things, we may be the pioneers of better days. . . .

"As to the institution, to which I naturally look as a great renovator, we are in this state. . . . I have urged Sir Hew Ross on these points, and Lord Anglesey desired that I would send him some remarks on it. In these I explained the prospective view of the case, and showed how it was the wisdom of the Government to

make our corps efficient; how that they acknowledged the principle that second lieutenants were under tuition, and that by means of an institution having large *lecture-room*, chemical-room, drawing-room, and museum and observatory, they might enforce a system of instruction. It is absurd to say that a man or boy is turned out of the Academy fit for *all* duties, and anybody with half an idea ought to see that there should be an intimate and connecting link between the junior cadet and the oldest officer.

"I am glad to say one window in the hall, that of Cressy, is now up. There is collected at present about 300*l.*, and we hope this will be enough to finish the other end and two side windows. The end one is to be St. George, the side the Siege of Acre under Richard, and the Siege of Harfleur under Henry, which last illustrates the first artillery used for the purpose of battering, the other about the last without guns. The designs are very beautiful. They have been criticised in Clutterbuck's own house by all the crack men of the day. The idea of a secular subject being done on glass appears to have given great pleasure to many of the learned.

"I am more and more interested in the work. Its hopelessness sometimes appals me, and were it not that I have the great mercy of a continual remembrance that it is His work whom we serve, I should be disheartened. Not that I expect too much of these boys, yet seeing myself the glimpse of truth hidden under the visible things of daily life, how can I do otherwise than long that all here should have the same blessed vision?"

"*January* 20, 1848.

"I often thought of you at the time I heard you were in some anxiety about your child. What additional mercy does not each day bring forth! We ought to value all things that bring our hearts into suspense, seeing that the result is invariably a keener sense of the sympathy of the man Christ Jesus, and thence a more certain knowledge of the love of the Lord our God. . . .

"The chaplain goes on very fairly. Instead of a set and formal way of teaching religion 'by the hour,' as at first obtained under Lord Anglesey's order to do something, I have arranged that he shall give an exposition every morning. This lasts about six minutes, in which time, if a man sticks to one point and knows what he is going to say, he may say a good deal, at least as much as boys will attend to. I found it hard to make him see that ours was not public worship, but essentially family worship, and after a long time he has introduced a special prayer for the Academy and the service, leaving out the prayer for all conditions of men."

To Major Fawkes.

"*January* 19, 1848.

". . . . The 'St. George' window is in progress. The artist, Mr. Clutterbuck, is such a meek, amiable fellow, that he has no idea of a regular good fight. Consequently he makes all the men with painfully benevolent faces

compared with the work they are engaged in; not that one would delineate the fellow too savage, but it would be very disagreeable to see a complacent smile on a man's face as he ran you through. Seriously, how often one sees the literal truth of the saying, 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword, even in the best cause.' None but the true David, the King of Peace, abideth for *ever*. . . . Indifferent to everything that soldiering can offer, and standing beyond its world-seen phases, *you* can imagine how my heart longs to drag these boys to the same place, that they may early learn that there *is* a reality, though concealed under present appearances."

"*January* 29, 1848.

"I know ——; he always gives me the impression of being a very right-feeling fellow. I took some pains to get at him; the difficulty is to find out on *what*, or if *ever*, he actually *thinks*. I can find no mental point on which to hang anything. Very kind, amiable, and gentlemanly, no oppositionist, and approves of right opinions; sees a thing when pointed out, but I never find any *advance*. If your experience of him is different, pray let me know, that I may try some other plan, for one ought never to give anyone up so long as he is willing to listen to one.

". . . . I enclose you a note, which destroy, that you may see the sort of thing I have to go through whenever a cadet gets into a serious scrape; as if one had not pain enough, without that, to bring the heart into subjection to the judgment."

To J. H. L.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY,
"*February* 3, 1848.

"It is not very long since I last wrote to you, but I send you a line, just to let you know the progress of our affairs. I have unexpectedly stumbled on an important ally in affairs relating to the improvement of the corps in Sir Robert Gardiner. It appears that he has been for some time working at the same thing, and has lost no opportunity of bringing the lamentable state of our corps under the notice of many members of the Government. I think I told you in my last that I had determined to try and get hold of the members of the Committee of the House of Commons ordered to examine into the finance question of the Ordnance, Army and Navy. I have been in communication with some of them, and they expressed their willingness to go into the question if it could be brought into the proceedings of such a Committee as theirs. Lord Seymour is President and *was* willing enough to act. Within the last ten days he has, either by hint from the Horse Guards or otherwise, taken the idea that *irresponsible evidence* ought not to be taken. This is of course the very point on which we should split. My fundamental argument to him was based on this: Do you wish to come at the *truth?* and have you *really* these two objects in view—namely, not only to curtail expense, but to see that the money expended does produce the effect desired by the Government?

"Now merely to examine *authorities* as to the working of a system is evident humbug. *We*—that is, captains

and lieutenants and others—are the persons who can speak clearly as to the state of our own corps, and the capability of our respective companies. There are so many crying evils that it is impossible but they must be altered when properly explained. For instance, the 'Commission' was brought to bear because the senior captains of the Artillery were then averaging fifty-two years of age. Now they are fifty-seven! These are men required to do all the work of company officers. Some now holding the same rank were not born when these men entered the service. Again, the state of the corps is rotten throughout as regards artillery service. How many officers are there who know *what* guns are in the service? or who could tell you anything about ordnance? and have they any chance of learning? Their time is taken up in those ridiculous guards and duties which in the end only make them very bad Line officers. Where is the instruction to young officers? At this moment, in order to find employment for the many second lieutenants, they have put on an additional guard in the Arsenal. Where is our practice range? In short, is there time or means for knowing anything at all?

"The whole state of education and training of our non-commissioned officers is equally bad. In short, we are a mere militia corps, held together by the good feeling of the officers, and no thanks to the Board of Ordnance or Government. In these days, when we may be called on to go into the field at any moment, what a state are we in? Lord Anglesey (then Master-General of Ordnance) told Prince Albert the other day that he could bring

thirty-six guns to any part of the coast at any moment! The truth is that there are only twenty-two *horsed* at Woolwich. Of these, six (Horse Brigade) have no waggons; and of the others, half are so new to the service that the men cannot ride. . . . . Imagine what our corps will be in a few years if this sort of influx of half-educated boys goes on as it has done! In saying all this, I only mean to convey to you my strong feeling of the necessity of remedial measures. . . . . The good feeling of the corps is immense, but why should we depend entirely on that? . . . . The ability to learn is undoubted, the desire to know is hardly in existence; and who suffers? First the country, second the corps; and *we* may well ask is another generation to come and go in the same way, on the principle that we have done well enough? . . . . Depend upon it we must carefully consider the future, and all that we do ought to be done, not for its present effect, but we ought to think of the corps when we are removed from its active duties. While we have vigour and heart we should go deep into principles, and work a work that cannot be washed away by the mere carelessness of superior or inferior officers.

"I rejoice in nothing more at the Academy than in the gradual creation of a feeling of identity with the corps. I am leading the cadets to think of themselves not as mere cadets, but as representatives of a class for the time being, and ought to try and *look back on themselves*, as if they had left the Academy five years! The effect is singular; they have ceased to do many things formerly common among them. . . . It is one of the

wearinesses of life to find so few men take an enlarged view of things in the corps. One forgets everything but the Horse Brigade; another never dreams of colonies; and so forth. My hopes are much built on the junior part of the corps. At present they are young. . . . Let us be found leading our brother officers in such a way as not to lose sight of higher principles. There are thousands of avenues to the human heart; none should be neglected. I should be glad to see plenty of professional knowledge, but that it should not appear so pointedly as the qualities of a well-educated Christian gentleman. Yet is the profession very necessary as a means of getting at the men. In order to rule and lead, you must gradually assimilate your subordinates' will to your own. Do a thing *with* a person, and you may lead him anywhere. There is no true obedience without love, and the relative position must be truly shown before the other mind will follow in peace and at ease. I merely mean this as the general principle of our action.

"You and others ought to move the corps; had I your information and your talent I should do so, but I content myself with these boys. I shall not rest till a feeling of regard, if not love, is established between us. They will then have learnt a lesson for future life which will for ever prevent a relapse of the corps.

"Thus, dear friend, my heart dwells on the future; and the present means are so completely of 'the present' that I only desire to value them as one does an omnibus, to carry one forward in the work. In them there neither is, nor *can* be, *rest*. . . . I wish you could see my garden —and such strawberries!—in the summer. I get stray

cadets in to eat them. Last Saturday I took three of them a drive in my dog-cart, which they enjoyed. It is a fine opportunity to catch hold of a fellow and keep him straight.

"I suppose you are as happy as a man ought to be. Not such a bad world this in those respects after all, and one hardly wonders at many reposing on its delights. 'God is good, even to the unthankful and the evil.' His people should therefore rejoice in His gifts, and drain the cup of blessing and happiness. It is love which draws us nearer to Him; what a bond of ever-growing filial affection! I am obliged to remember the future days, and the return of Jesus, and all such things, lest, standing alone, I really feel alone. Singular that want of worldly means should influence the Christian prospects. Perhaps faith is weak. God bless you."

To Major Fawkes.

"*February* 19, 1848.

"I congratulate you heartily on having a '*location*;' may it be sanctified to you and yours. When one remembers life at times, when, in spite of many hindrances, one has been enabled to realize the presence of God, how much more should it be so when in 'the quiet resting-places' and the 'peaceable habitations' given to us, by way of refreshment and invigoration, by Him who knows what is good for us! I don't at all understand the humility of some people who think any mercy is to be received as though the Lord Himself put a temptation into the cup with it. Let us drink to the dregs the cup of blessing, in joyfulness and singleness of

heart. How otherwise can we really believe it comes from Him?"

"*March* 20, 1848.

"The state of things in my regiment appears worse and worse. I sometimes have serious thoughts of publishing a statement on the subject. This is when I feel entirely as a soldier and one of a body of men. Then at night when I shut my door the visible and external fades away, and I think to myself, 'He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.' It is a serious thing to work and talk, and think and pray; but still less should one with too great haste spring clear into the work, as it is then impossible to stop. So many could do it so much better, that I am deterred; and again, there is necessarily a certain degree of using 'carnal weapons' in such a controversy. I mean that if one is to kick a thing with any effect, one must use some portions of the world's argument, and I should gladly leave that to others, though it is not wrong in itself. It is clear at least that a little more stirring up in private may urge somebody to come forward, and so I think I must wait yet."

To Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, Rifle Brigade, Quebec.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY,
"*February* 20, 1848.

"I wrote to you in December; since then I have seen Desborough, which gave me great pleasure. Also I have accomplished a visit to Mr. Pennington's in Cumberland Street, where I was greatly pleased to hear so good an account of you and the blessing which attended

your exertions. Desborough appears to have been greatly blessed in his intercourse with you all, and his heart is filled with gratitude and love to God. What a sphere of usefulness is opened before you in your regiment! It refreshes me to turn my thoughts from my comparatively small work here, and fix them on those of my friends who are bearing the banner elsewhere. I hear occasionally from Newdigate. I sometimes write to him, not so much in the hope of assisting him, as to cheer him on in the path of life. Here at Woolwich things go on much as usual. The days when men were added to the number of those that love God appear to have passed away, so few are now called out of the usual amiable state of negativeness which the devil has induced the world to adopt. These false liberalities will be the ruin of our Church and nation. I do not mix with the garrison, and therefore have few opportunities of seeing or knowing men. My work appears to me to be more in this my peculiar charge, and I have little time for general work. Nearly every week I give four, and often more evenings to having cadets into my house, or going among them. Two corporals dine with me by turn every Saturday, and some of the young ones spend Sunday evening with me. These things all take time, and by the end of the week I am tired and weary, and but little able to conquer my natural disinclination to meet anyone that I do not know very well. Of course when once among them one's sense of what is due to others makes one strive to be as cheerful as one can. On the whole there is a decided improvement here. The young cadets say they are very

happy here, and like the place very much. I venture to hope that principles are beginning to be more appreciated among them, yet it can only be done by adding 'line upon line and precept upon precept.' In such a living stream as this—boys passing out into the army, others coming in from schools—you may suppose that one can never think that anything is universally understood, much less accomplished. Even three or four bad fellows are enough to keep the whole in a state of fermentation. It is singular that evil should be such a much more powerful leaven than the spirit of good and truth. I think that a better feeling of mutual confidence between officers and cadets has been brought about. It is now a year since I took the command, and how much I have to be thankful for nobody can tell. Several bad fellows reclaimed would alone make me praise God for His work. Nothing, however, is done in such a case while any remains to be done. One can only feel that it is a work on which the blessing of God may be sought, and shall it not be found? Yes, indeed, for we will obey the voice of the Lord, and sow the seed. If the harvest tarry, we will wait for it, for *that* is *His*. Seed time and harvest shall not fail; our presence is not necessary for the last, though it is for the first. I have had one or two chances of stirring up the Government about the Academy, which I am thankful to say have been received without displeasure. It does appear so hard to collect so many young fellows together under strict discipline, just at a time of life when passions are strong and spirits exuberant, and yet provide means neither of amusement or exercise, nor a chapel or

proper place of devotion. No one who has not been deprived of the external aids to devotion in public worship can enter into the feeling of what an assistance it is to young persons. A dining-hall, associated with all that is light and conversational, is not the place to beget reverence. Some people tell you that *place* is nothing; neither is it to those who spiritually discern things invisible. But nobody could persuade me that externals do not help the devotion of some minds. In the bald and cold style of thing sometimes used as a place of worship, the whole would soon flag were it not that the mutual appearance of devotion among individuals warmed the hearts of all. I wanted Lord Anglesey to let me try and get money to build a chapel by private subscription, but he would not; nevertheless I shall try again. Did I tell you about some painted windows for our dining-hall? We are getting on very well with them. The regiment generally has appreciated the proposition. I get abused for it on all sides; some say it is all humbug and will do no good, and some religious men say that it is substituting a wrong motive. Alas for humanity, as if the meanest of its feelings may not be turned to a good end, and sanctified to the glory of God. But I will not bother you with any more of such things. For myself I jog on much as usual. Life often appears but a heavy burden, but I suppose that is when faith ceases to look at the evidences of things hoped for. My position here separates me from others, as I rarely enter the mess-room, and cannot afford to have friends with me more than once a week, and then only for the cadets' sake.

I have several things on hand, more particularly our 'Institution,' about which I am thankful to have been able to stir up a strong feeling. It is likely to issue in a new building, and in its being acknowledged by the Government as the connecting link between the Academy and the regiment, where second lieutenants shall be obliged to attend lectures, &c. It is rather a difficult thing to get support to so radical a proposition, and I miss Lefroy very much in these things. Our printing press goes on famously, saving us one-half of the expense. This is rather a triumph, as I had a hard fight for it. One finds that by letting fellows alone they soon cease to oppose what in reality they do not care about. Pray don't set me down as a horrid radical or an egotist; I only do these things because nobody else will, and they all agree that they ought to be done, therefore I am not making false work for myself. Of Woolwich news there is not much. My friend Maberly is going to be married. I do not know the lady, but I can truly say she must be very good indeed in every respect to make me consider her good enough for him. I see Mrs. Gregory occasionally; to my mind she looks very unwell, as how can anybody do otherwise bottled up in such a villainous hole as London, inhaling dirt as well as eating it, and looking at it till one's eyes become filmy? The Molyneux party are all well; I have never seen him looking so fresh, working away as usual. Dixon is doing wonders as instructor to the practical class in the Academy, and is as fresh and merry-hearted as ever.

"Let me hear from you when you can, though I know

your time must be fully occupied. I pray God that you may long continue to be a blessing to your corps. How short time appears. The end hastens on, and yet until we consider it in the solitude of our own rooms, how apt are we to think and to say, 'To-morrow we will do this or that.'"

To J. H. L.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
"*March* 7, 1848.

"I have been meditating on sending you a line, and was in hopes that there would have been news to tell you about our progress in getting an Institution. But you know the amazing difficulty of setting any stone rolling here. The Board offer *three sites!* So we may hope that they are beginning to awaken to the necessity of doing something. The site we get the majority of the committee to agree on is Sir J. Webb's garden, and on the whole it would be the best. . . .

"As far as the Institution is concerned I do not value the fictitious *éclat* derivable from its proposed proximity to the reading-room. I desire to see all the important lectures of the Academy carried on *there* instead of here, and the obligation on second lieutenants to attend made clear. They are *now* required to go through a humbugging system of 'visiting departments,' which means that they merely ride in at one end and out at the other. I don't think that the 'just-looking-in' system out of the reading-room would ever add one good man to the profession. Make it really worth a man's while, *give him time* to do it, and hold out future employment. When a man wastes his life in mounting the Arsenal guard, he

is not likely to do much good. It is all uphill, but we must go on and do our best. The same principles with which you and I drew out the original prospectus ought to guide us now, and please God that we have strength to go on we may be sure that it is not labour lost. . . .

"—— is at Thebes, enjoying himself very greatly. I hope he will turn it to some good account, not so much intellectually as mentally. He is very unsettled in many things I think, not having yet passed through that time of life when the temptation *to be* something gains strength from the desire *to do*.

"The military papers still continue to give the Academy some abuse, but there is most evident improvement in it on the whole. *I* never expect to command two hundred angels, though that sulphureous spirit the public usually expect that cadets ought to be so. We have got 310*l.* for the windows. The St. George is ready and very splendid. The two sieges are designed, and all will be ready by June. One could hardly have anticipated such success when the thing was first undertaken. I shall take the drawings to London the first time I go, and hand them to your sister, that she may send you a tracing or a copy. Pray don't abuse me for not calling there, for the fact is that I go to town very seldom, although my sister lives in Seymour Street, and am really *quite afraid* of that perfection of all nuisances, dining in London. I am gradually working the Academy system round to one of a more manly and gentlemanly style, and have had no reason to repent the several occasions of trust that I have reposed in the company. Owing to the frequency of examinations the singing

goes on but badly indeed; I think that we must give it up altogether. No sooner does a party become tolerably capable, than away they go down to the Arsenal. I hope in time to enlist the corporals on the side of the officers, but even if successful one must not expect too much from them. The Ordnance Estimates are just going to be discussed before a Committee of the House of Commons, and I shall try if I cannot get them to examine some of the officers of the corps on them, and some of us here on the items relating to the Academy. We suffer immensely from being ruled by persons having no interest in the service. French affairs appear peaceful at present; I cannot but fear that days of difficulty are at hand. Outside the towns the bonâ fide republican feeling is a novelty. My belief is that so soon as monetary pressure begins to be felt, which it will soon, and they have attempted to provide food and employment for the working class, then the crisis will come. But one can see so short a distance in these days, when everything moves with such rapidity, that it is unwise to hazard even a conjecture. One can only hope and pray that we may not be drawn into any participation.

"Some alarm is felt about Ireland, but whether with justice or not remains to be shown. That it has *rather* the character of a volcano cannot be well doubted. I never see anything of Sabine. Clerk is at Guernsey, S—— in Berlin, whence he has just been ordered back, and is much annoyed at not being allowed more leave. It is astonishing how coolly men discuss the evils of our service until they happen to touch them personally.

One would think that a man who knew these things well would take them very coolly when they came.

"I go on much as usual. I generally get about eight cadets at various times to spend some of the evenings in the week with me. It is rather a tax, but thank God they like it very much, and I cannot but hope the system may be found to bear fruit some day or other. . . .

"And now good-bye. Pray send me a line when you can find time. I need not say how glad I am to hear of your happiness, and pray God it may be added to—if, that is, it is the means of drawing your heart more and more towards Him who is our true Peace."

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY,
"*May* 31, 1848.

"It would be now impossible for me to detail on paper the various changes that I have endeavoured to introduce. The result is, however, clear that the amount of good feeling and principle increases continually. The whole tone of the thing is changed for the better. The corner has been turned, and a very great proportion of the cadets are positively, not negatively, on the side of honour, good conduct, and gentlemanly bearing, some among them doing duty conscientiously. You may naturally suppose that they cost me no small anxiety and thought, not because I cannot truly leave the result in the Lord's hands, but because it requires all this, in addition to prayer, to find the best methods and ways of doing His work. I have as great personal acquaintance with them as I can. They dine with me, or drink tea, or walk with me. I lend some my horse to ride; in

short, use every possible means of getting at them. General Parker leaves me so much to do as I please, that the power is in my hands as far as discipline is concerned. I could pick you out a dozen fellows, supposed to be hopeless scamps, now among my best behaved fellows. All this is the Lord's doing; would to God I could do it more faithfully and prayerfully, and I feel that greater fruit would follow. I commend the Academy to your prayers; it is the nursery of the regiment. It is for the interest of every officer in the service that it should be a noble institution. My earnest endeavour is to make them look away from their own individual state as cadets, and to decide on points of feeling, opinion, or conduct, not merely as cadets of 1848, but as officers of future days. This is gradually growing among them; as it increases, offences decrease. I do not expect too much, but reckon everything in that direction a gain; and if it does not advance much to-day, why perhaps it may do so to-morrow.

"The number of punishments is small. I *overlook nothing*. I tell them it would be inconsistent with their own dignity of mind to be pardoned for a clearly established offence. It is better to take punishment; a man starts again with a surer hope of reformation. I try to make a vast difference between serious and trivial offences, and, in short, I try to make them feel what I feel myself—that they are a part of the corps, that my honour and theirs and that of the regiment is all joined together, and that I represent cadetism. Thus, the other day some of them did something wrong; the old story of neuxes robbing gardens for old cadets. So I

sent the two senior corporals to apologise in *my* name and that of the company, which of course settled the thing. . . . . My idea is to diminish their desire to go away, and to make those in punishment feel they are still cared for. I of course long ago abolished the absurd order that no cadet in any punishment should join in games. As if all fault was *disgraceful*, and as if *that* was not of all others the time to make a boy forget to brood over his punishment, and, by making him cheerful in it, add to his chance of amendment. They are very much interested in the hall, and it is already working good for us in a general way, by making strangers take an interest in the place.

"I had a long interview with Lord Anglesey about the Institution. I send you a small pamphlet which I issued in order to stir up feeling about it. So many of our younger officers know nothing about it, that I felt we should be having a public meeting in vain unless some clear ideas were abroad. It has had the intended effect of causing considerable discussion, and a very strong feeling in favour of the Institution has sprung up. I felt that I as an individual could say more than any committee, and that there was no time to lose. Opinions are divided on the subject of the union of the three things. My own feeling leans decidedly to the union of the mess and library, leaving the Institution by itself. . . . . Never mind, let us go steadily on, and nothing can stop us.

"I have had a great many rows with Lord Anglesey about the Academy,—Sir Thomas Hastings, as president of committee of inquiry, being so anxious to introduce

the Sandhurst system of sergeant spies. I told General Parker the other day that he must expect me to resign as soon as I had given the orders. However, we had an interview with Lord Anglesey, and it ended in his consenting to leave the whole thing in General Parker's hands. So that is at an end, I hope.

". . . . Personally I am tolerably well, only lots of headaches, and sometimes more fit to *cry* than anything else. Happily the vacation is near at hand, and I hope to enjoy a cruise somewhere. Don't think this a very egotistical letter; I thought the Academy details would interest you."

To J. H. L.

"The interest in politics increases. The Pope appears to be gradually becoming extinct. England's negation of Chartism on the 10th April was a fine thing, but it will not silence the fact of many of our own population being starving and miserable. Government is so especially of 'the world' in my estimation, that I am only anxious as to the worldly-minded in general. These things do not touch the inner hopes of the Christian—his desired result is the glorifying of the name of the Lord; the '*how*' does not trouble him much, I think. For this reason motions and even commotions, as they appear to bring the wants of the poor and needy before the Government, are most thankfully watched to see the way in which the Lord will overrule them. I confess that I do not yet see any judgment in this land—rather mercy; for as to supposing that the difficulties of the Government do harm to the people, i. e. the governed, I do not believe it. My idea is that we want to make

men at the head of affairs understand that when they presume to touch the helm they are no longer to work for themselves; that eagerness in seeking office, and the whole style of thing, shows that a certain amount of earnestness in this part of the work is still wanting. Poor France is still in travail, of worse days I fear. Evil pours so rapidly, I tremble for the consequences to them. Think how much fermenting it takes to produce *indications* of such things! When once produced they seem to me to run a certain course and issue some day or other in results. So will our Chartism; so will the bitter evil of the present French ultra-republicanism, whose first act was to *repeal* the law about death punishments. Of course the rapidity of events surpriseth us; but singularly enough, only a few days before I had been saying that L. Philippe would *not* die King of the French, which was laughed at. A man's sin finds him out."

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY,
"*June* 7, 1848.

"Many thanks for your folio sheet of 9th May. . . . . Let me first, however, give you some account of the state of things relative to the Institution. I think that I mentioned that it had required two pokings already at B. O., and that even then no result had followed. To-day Lord A. and a party of people were down at a review, and as Lord Clarence Paget came up to the Academy, I took the opportunity of again urging the necessity of an answer being sent before we held our annual meeting. He has promised to stir the thing

up once more, and so there it at present stands. In the mean time the whole is discussed a good deal, not only by our own people at Woolwich, but by many others, in London and elsewhere, because if we consider the ramifications of interest which are necessarily derivable from the connections of so large a corps, we cease to be an insignificant body, and liable to be smuggled away in a corner. Let me now enter a little into the question of the regiment. I quite agree with your facts, and think it probable; that this was my opinion must appear in my letters. But I also think that you add tenfold proof to my opinion (for I did not then suggest any *remedy)* that 'we were mere Militia, *held together by the good feeling of the officers.*' It is to this you also look to bring forth men like those you name.

"This is not, however, the question; but it is, Ought our regiment to be dependent on this? and after every peace should it be necessary to go down all the list till you come to a second captain to find a man fit for the duty required by Lord Wellington, who found it in Alexander Dickson? Further, the remedy you point out has been always in existence, ONLY it wants life. How is that to be infused? Again, say what you please, but '*is* there any officer who knows anything about the guns or the ordnance service?' We all know that by going to Dundas you may find out anything; but has this voluntary system produced any fruit? Show us any man, except, perhaps, Wilford, and now, of course, Dixon and others in the Arsenal. I think you are wrong in saying 'men expect knowledge of this kind to come

to them by opening their mouths and shutting their eyes;' it would be well if they had any such expectation. But the truth is they do not expect or care to know anything about it; and the chance of learning does not relate to A or B, who may feel this need, but to the sort of knowledge being required of them, and the sensation of need being created. Few men having a desire to learn but would prefer most other things, as being more likely to afford amusement and occupation—quite as useful as the other professionally, and more so in general society. Besides, *Woolwich* is not the world, and a great proportion of the regiment spend only a few years there in their lives. It appears to me that the only sound feeling to get up about it is one which takes in a general view of the corps in its home and colonial service—to consider the *facts* of our state of ignorance. What an officer might or ought to know is not the question, because a system which has as yet produced so few informed men cannot be the best for the corps. One ought to try and take a comprehensive view of the corps for years to come. The remedies you propose are very good, *only they will not be carried out.* To do so the whole system must be changed. An entirely new battery organization, for instance, would be required if you did away with fatigues for horses in the Arsenal (the place where *I* think gunners learn to drive). At the Cape it was impossible not to have Hottentot drivers; the men could not take half such care of the horses. The great evil here to contend with is the feeling that Woolwich represents the R. A., and that what is good at Woolwich must therefore be the best,

forgetting the small proportion of real *work* done, recruits' drills, &c., in plenty."

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To Lieut.-Colonel Lawrence, Rifle Brigade.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY,
"*August* 18, 1848.

"I appear to myself to be always a letter in your debt, and then I think it not possible, but unfortunately on referring to my dates always find that it is so. Not that I am prepared quite to approve of your conduct in always waiting until you get a letter before sending an answer. I hear from Mrs. Gregory, 'I have just had a long letter from our friend Captain Lawrence;' and when I see your sisters they say, 'We have just heard from Arthur.' Now I think you might occasionally write a line *extra*, for I assure you that I have a good deal to do, and think about the affairs of my small world so much, that there is hardly energy left in me by the end of the day to enable me to send off a letter to foreign parts. And just now I am overwhelmed with various causes of thought. These sort of things seem to accumulate, as if to say, 'I have heaped up mercies upon you, and you do not acknowledge them; so I shall remind you that without my mercies everything would be adverse to you.' And so He leads us by a way which we know not. But the still small voice, what can quench it? In darkness it appears to lead us on, in difficulty to cheer us by its melody. And so we find that we have advanced a step, as it were, in Christian experience. Preparation comes first, a sort of overruling

of circumstances, in order that we may be ready for the day of trial; then comes the day; finally the rest in God, and the fulfilment of the promise, 'in quietness and confidence shall be thy strength.' But I must tell you some of my work, as you did of yours to me. On my return after the vacation I found a positive *order* from Lord Anglesey to introduce the system of having sergeants to spy on the cadets! It appears that some one had told him of some irregularities which have been committed here, and which I had found out and was proceeding to deal with. Without waiting for anything he sends the above *order*. As it came in such a manner it was clearly my duty not to set myself in opposition to it, so as to array the feeling of the regiment and the company against him.

"Perhaps had it only been *talked about*, I should have resigned at once, but to do it under these circumstances would be neither soldierly nor Christian. But it was a tremendous *swallow*, and for four days I could do nothing about it, for what with headaches from thinking of it, and real discomfort from the contemplation of the almost certain evils that are likely, at some future day, to follow in its train, I was fairly 'floored.'

"Happily the 'old system,' which Lord A. designates in his letter a 'mistaken system,' had so far operated that the amount of good feeling among some of the seniors was very great indeed, and they came forward in a body and wished to pledge themselves to do their utmost to prevent any irregularity, and to report all such, if the sergeant system could only be stopped. Though General Parker would not allow of this, yet

it so far had an effect that the system was modified as much as possible. The difficulty was to lead the minds of the cadets so that, instead of feeling an opposition, they should rather be inclined to understand that they had brought it on themselves, and at the same time that though it might be necessary, yet that it would be to their honour to show that it was not necessary. The feeling balanced between the two for some days, the good fellows saying that they would work to get rid of it; the bad, that if *that* was the system, we might find out what we could. Happily the former eventually prevailed, and at this *moment* the feeling is strong that they will behave in such a manner as that it shall not fall within the power of a sergeant to report them. This will last so long as there is this good feeling among the seniors; but the principle is touched, and whether the juniors grow up with the same spirit may be a matter of doubt. If not, good-bye to the distinctive marks of the Academy and to that redeeming quality of soldierly feeling and uprightness which has as a general rule marked the Woolwich cadets in after life. The worst is, that these people in London will attribute the good to their own system, whereas the good results from the old system entirely, and it would have been an *enormous evil* had there not been something to work upon. However, as in duty bound, I have now ceased to think about the evil, and am only desirous of getting as much *good* out of it as possible. The worst is, that it naturally prevents my having any but the most ordinary intercourse with the cadets, as it entirely removes confidence, and it would be absurd for me as a general rule

to appeal to a boy's feeling of honour and nobility when we are doing things which militate against all idea of it. In order to act nobly we must feel ourselves to be noble in objects and aims—a feeling which this system is calculated to destroy. . . .

"My last vacation was not particularly refreshing. It was my desire to have gone to Scotland, and everything appeared favourable to the plan, but just at the last difficulties arose, and duty detained me here so much longer than was expected, that the opportunity passed away, in the fact of my friend having been obliged to leave his highland home before I could get there. I then steered to Kenilworth, to find out my brother and his new wife; a pleasant visit of four days, which were not unprofitable to me, as in addition to his household ministrations I had the pleasure of hearing his ministry in the church. From thence I came again to Woolwich, in order to be present at a public meeting of the Regiment on the subject of our Institution, and although the resolutions agreed upon were not such as I approved of entirely, yet I was too thankful to find eighty of my brother officers unanimous upon *any* subject to do anything to hinder it. At the same time there are principles of actions involved (not as matters of *conscience*, but as of sound judgment), and I hardly think that anything is so *common* as not to suffer from any departure either from wisdom, or its real name, truth. But men do not see that nothing is immaterial, and therefore to talk to them of principles whose effects may not appear for many years to come, is to talk of what they usually ridicule. I spent four days at Portsmouth, and saw a

good deal that was well worth seeing. Thence to Salisbury, to see that glorious cathedral; and so on to Stonehenge. Doubtless you have seen these, for I conclude there are few persons who have lived to my advanced age without having done so. Thence to Clifton, to stay a week with my eldest sister and her two boys. They dragged me all over Bristol, to see all sorts of sights, from the making of sugar-plums upwards. But this sort of thing is no *rest*. Well, on I went to Plymouth, and stayed three days with Maclean and his wife, and was glad in their society. Across Devonshire, to stay four days with my old captain, now Colonel Bayly. This I enjoyed very much, as we had our *cracks* over old times, and having known his family as children, the girls took me on *trust* from their father's friendship, and I delighted in the sort of family party in which I did not find myself an intruder. Of course in all these places I saw everything I could; at the last the most splendid Saxon doorway in the kingdom. Thence I came to Woolwich for a day; and spent my last five days with the Percy family in Hertfordshire—old friends and a family to be liked. But, as I said before, this is not *rest* after one has been working hard during so many months, and I shall not do so any more, but quietly locate myself somewhere for the vacation. . . . Molyneux is come back from his summer holiday, looking very fresh. He appears to me to have made considerable advance in his preaching, leaving the 'elements' and leading his hearers more and more on to the perfect way of the Lord in all its wonderful fulness. What have you been doing in the reading way? I have lately had some un-

published 'Lectures on Great Men,' by an old school-fellow of mine. They appear to me to supply a desideratum in all teaching, for he shows the working of *faith* in all its varieties, and proves how clearly it is every one's duty, not to crush all natural feeling in those they intend to benefit, but, taking advantage of each peculiarity of despotism and temper, superadd the true and living spirit of the Gospel, and so sanctify the whole building."

To J. H. L.

"*August* 31, 1848.

"On my return here after the vacation I found a peremptory order from Lord Anglesey saying that the cadets were treated on an 'erroneous principle,' and 'insisting' on their being treated as mere boys and placed under the surveillance of the sergeants. There was no loophole of escape, except by such a line of conduct as would have been neither soldier-like nor Christian. An order to an officer in my position has such weight that I could not but see that any blinking it, though it might array the feeling of the Regiment as well as the Academy against Lord Anglesey, was to be avoided, perhaps the more so on that very account. For several days I was so hurt and mortified that I could not take any steps; but at last, seeing there was no alternative, it pleased God to show me that it was my duty to stick by the old Academy (that had carried us all and turned out a good many of the right sort of men) in the days of her *disgrace*, and therefore I set to work to render the order as little irksome as possible.

Of course the principle has been touched, but the old system has produced at the head of the Academy about a dozen corporals who will prevent anything, and so the zeal and spirit will not flag so long as they are there; yet it is very questionable whether those at the bottom will ever be brought to take the same trouble. If not, the duty will fall into the hands of the sergeants. However, I am so weary of thinking about it, I will say no more at present."

Those who are interested in the Academy will like to know how it happened that the order was never carried out, which is testified by those who were then at the Royal Military Academy. Soon after the order was received the following memorandum was forwarded to the Master-General:—"We, the undersigned gentlemen cadets, being desirous to maintain the honour of the company, hereby pledge ourselves to obey and carry out to the utmost of our ability and conscience any orders and commands that the Lieut.-Governor and Captain Eardley-Wilmot may think fit to issue for the purpose of keeping up the discipline and the gentlemanly feeling and conduct of the gentlemen cadets, and we feel convinced that our influence and authority will be sufficient to check those malpractices which have lately brought the company into disrepute."

This was signed by several of the senior corporals, and on the strength of it the Master-General, Lord Anglesey, was persuaded to rescind the order. The first name on the list was Richard Oldfield, then senior corporal, and none among them so conscientiously and vigorously exerted himself to fulfil both the letter and

the spirit of his promise. General Wilmot always felt that the Academy owed him much for having thus assisted in preventing the obnoxious order from being carried out, and he also wished him to have the good conduct sword (given to one of each batch of cadets on getting their commission), Oldfield having only once been reported, and that by the French master; but General Parker decided that none should be given that term.

The following is Colonel Oldfield's own account of that time:—

"WOOLWICH, *March* 1879.

"I was fortunate enough to be a cadet when General, then Captain, Wilmot was made captain of the cadet company, in January 1847. There had been awful rows in 1846 and some cadets discharged, yet even in the midst of all this no instance of a cadet breaking his arrest or word of honour was ever known to occur. That system of honour and keeping arrest was held from the foundation of the R. M. A., and it was on that principle and feeling that Captain Wilmot acted in his first speech to the cadet company on joining; he dwelt on our being responsible beings with feelings, and to be led not driven. He was a man who at once inspired respect, and an unwillingness on the part of those under him to incur his displeasure or reproving word; but I don't think at *that* time we loved him, though we felt that he was our commanding officer and meant to be obeyed. In the spring of 1848 the dreadful habits of cadets going or sending to public-houses and bullying

junior cadets still continued. One cause of their going to public-houses was simply hunger—great growing lads with nothing to eat between 1 P.M. and 8 P.M., and not enough then. Captain Wilmot increased the amount of food at dinner, and instituted bread and butter and cheese and beer from 4 to 5, and so removed the excuse. But bad habits once contracted are not so easily eradicated, and so public-houses were still visited by some, and gross irregularities committed; and in consequence the authorities of the day were determined to upset the old system of self-government by corporals and heads of rooms, and replace them by the non-commissioned officer spy system of Addiscombe and Sandhurst. In August 1848 I was senior corporal. Captain Wilmot and Lieutenants Telfer and Biddulph sent for me and spoke to me about it. I consulted with some of the senior corporals, and the final result was the paper that you have, which we signed, and which was forwarded to the Master-General, and in consequence of that the 'spy' system was *not* introduced, and the system of honour handed down from our forefathers was maintained and continues to this day intact.

"I am proud and thankful for any part I took in this business, and that I was enabled to be of any use to Captain Wilmot and, through him, to the R. M. A. It was wonderful how he gradually but surely laid the foundation of that higher feeling then prevailing at the R. M. A., and how he selected the tools at hand for the work. He was truth and honour himself, and so we copied him at first, but afterwards his principles became ours. And thus I feel my life and its doings are bound

up in a measure with his. I have done many things as I honestly hope for the good of the regiment, which but for the principles instilled, or if there, brought out by him, I should never have dared to do. I could say more about my year's course in the Arsenal, when Captain Talbot was absent for a time, and no officer near the place. Captain Wilmot trusted me, and I would rather have done anything than have disappointed him."

The following on the same subject is from Captain Telfer, late Royal Artillery, then lieutenant of the cadet company:—

"HEREFORD, *March* 1879.

"What Oldfield says is quite true. The cadets always said Captain Wilmot was not to be humbugged; he said what he meant, and meant what he said, and never gave an order except he intended it to be obeyed.

"A more kind-hearted man never breathed—always ready to make every allowance, and willing to help to put matters right; but then they must be right, no half way. 'That will do well enough' would not do for ***him.***

"General Parker left the management of the cadets entirely to Captain Wilmot, who knew all about them, and General Parker only interfered when he reported anything to him. It was the same all through; Biddulph (now Gen. M. Biddulph, commanding one of the divisions in Afghanistan) and myself in small things having received our orders were expected to carry them out, or report any difficulty, or request assistance or advice how to act. No commanding officer ever treated his subordinates with greater kindness and consideration than

he treated Biddulph and myself. He guided, helped, and trusted us; but his difficulties in trying to carry out his own views he kept to himself. We could not help doing our duty under such a commanding officer. A few more like him would make the British Army a different institution. I was lieutenant of cadet company from 1847 to 1850."

The following letter from the subject of these memoirs will fitly conclude this chapter:—

"*December* 6, 1848.

"I find this a life of continual labour; nothing is ever *done*. I do not mean that no effect is produced; on the contrary, by God's grace, much of one sort and another is done—but it requires the same anxiety, and watchfulness, and care as it did at commencing the duty: there ever continually arises so much false opinion, wrong feeling, and evil principle, that there is no saying what may happen next. In the mean time we can only work away hopefully and perseveringly to the end.

"How singular is the state of affairs in Europe. The Pope an exile! It appears as if Elliott's interpretation were true, that the nations would take his part, and try to set him on his throne again, in which they will fail. Old England stands steady at present amid all the changes. While others are pulling down she is building up her strength by public humiliation and prayer, by acts of charity, self-denial, and Christian love. May the Lord God be her patron, and He will then surely be her defence. . . . You will wonder that I never made any allusion to your kind letter, called forth by some remark

of mine about matrimony. My dear friend, no one can have a higher opinion of the loss to heart and character in many points which *my* state involves. But I can only say that it does not appear as if it were the will of God concerning me, and so life is, and must be, a weary road. Yet I hope that the end will be rest.

"The Lord trains us all for the special work He requires of us, and though in almost every circumstance of my life *my* training has been perhaps as bitter as most men's, yet the times are more frequent now when I can say, 'To do Thy holy will I will lie still.'"

CHAPTER II.

1849–1868.

THIS chapter contains letters referring to the most active period of my husband's life,—to the years most replete with domestic interest, and embracing in their span those public labours which made his name a household word in his regiment, and in many circles beyond.

He was still on the staff of the Royal Military Academy at the date of the commencement of this chapter, but he was looking beyond the immediate sphere of his duties there, and was already thirsting for that spread of education and knowledge among the officers of his corps which was one of the leading purposes of his life to the end. His allusions to the birth and infancy of the Royal Artillery Institution will be read—in these days of its prosperity—by many with interest. To his family the letters to myself will have a deep interest, for they reveal depths of thought, wideness of views, intensity of affection, which his natural reserve might have kept secret but for the special circumstances which called forth his confidence.

The correspondence commences with a letter from him to his dearly-loved friend and sympathizing brother-officer.

To J. H. L.

"*March* 23, 1849.

"We had a general meeting of the corps to hear Lord Anglesey's answer to our application for the new buildings in rear of the mess-room. He would not agree to it. . . . The question has now reverted to its original position, and we have a committee to consider the question. . . . It appears that if one block on the east side the mess-room be entirely given to us we shall be able to make a very excellent library and reading-room at the cost of about 3000*l.* This would not be much divided among the whole corps, and men are very much bent on it. The idea is, that if it is not placed *there* they will not have anything to do with it.

"Few care about the Institution; some, of course, see its final and important bearing on the corps at large, and will do much in support of it. The evil is that, in spite of all we can say, they will, as does Lord Anglesey, persist in calling it a 'Scientific Institution,' and so frighten men away from the real object of an *Artillery* Institution for professional purposes. The question now is, where shall it be? . . . . Nothing in favour of the Institution will be done until the whole of the library and reading-room affairs are settled. But I have almost made up my mind, while assisting to promote the latter, to commence an independent crusade in favour of the Institution. I am sure there are many men who will support it and contribute.

"I am thankful to say we are going on famously up here. There is a great amount of good feeling, zeal, and hard work. The fellows appear happy, and I hope

that there are not many concealed irregularities. Of course I do not expect they should be perfect. The greater proportion of the corporals do their duty as conscientiously and well as any officer. The hall progresses gradually, and is becoming one of the lions of Woolwich. Anything that draws attention to the place is very desirable.

". . . . I have lately done a thing, not without much consideration, which has caused some talk. But the fact is, one must do what one thinks right, however novel; and provided one does not commit wrong, one may not fear to keep in mind the final result of making a manly and gentlemanly soldier, hoping also that some may be influenced by higher motives.

"I began to find that fellows could be kept too quiet; that is, if you prevented them doing some things positively wrong, they avoided also other things. . . . So I adopted four couples of beagles, and one cadet starts with a drag, and the others follow in due time. . . . Of course there are men that object, and say that we are teaching boys to hunt. But it is not exactly so; and if it were, I can hardly see that on that account, any more than on the *paper* scent of 'hare and hounds,' I need put a stop to it. England owes a great deal to hunting. The cadets have nothing to do with the dogs beyond going out; all the trouble and expense are mine."

"*June* 14, 1849.

"The regiment generally is looking up in many ways, and a good deal is being done in the garrison by more judicious arrangements as to duty and employment.

The men of the batteries are now only on guard once during the week; consequently that branch of the service is improving rapidly. I suppose that no more zealous men are to be found than our captains generally are. All the departments in the Arsenal are becoming more alive, and I think that things in general look better for us. I went before the Committee of the House of Commons for a short examination, but fear that I did not do much good. However, one thing was certainly effected—the giving the members an interest in the education of the corps, and in the R. A. Institution as a means of carrying it on. And further, as there were several members of the Board of Ordnance present, it had the effect of making them feel that we were at last in a position to enforce our wants being listened to, and that any further opposition was only likely to tell very much against them. While the great aim and object of the Committee are to make retrenchments, they are now getting awake to the importance, and necessity indeed, of making such materials as we have as efficient as possible."

To Miss King.

"*June* 22, 1849.

"I am thankful to say that our half-year has ended most satisfactorily. The amount of punishment is less than it has ever been before, and the tone and spirit of the company have been admirable throughout. How great has the goodness of God been in these things! Yet I feel that there is wanting some higher result—a Christianizing hope among them. Perhaps this is hardly to be expected, yet I think we may come to it;

and I do hope in time, by prayer and patience, to see such a blessed result among us."

"*October* 8, 1849.

"The cadets are going on very well, and I have no trouble. God grant me grace and wisdom to wait on Him continually, and to give Him all the glory.

"We go on fairly here, and I have every cause to be thankful so far as my portion of the work is concerned. Our new museum 'takes' very well indeed, and the workshops and turning-lathes are much liked. We have encouraged a taste for flowers in the barracks this half-year, and I am just building a greenhouse to house them in the winter. Some of the cadets are very fond of it, and I think we can manage a botanical class. I am to set a class of twelve to work to-morrow night at the art of stuffing and preserving animals—most useful to a traveller; a regular *professor* will attend to teach them. And so, by the use of such means as are in my power, I hope to be useful to some. And this one may hope, if one does not mistake the means for the end, but strives to have all these things sanctified by prayer for their success as means of employment and occupation of the mind."

To Colonel Arthur Lawrence, Rifle Brigade, then in Canada:—

"Royal Military Academy, Woolwich,
"*August* 18, 1849.

"Having lately returned from my holiday cruise, and now settled down to my work, I cannot tell you how completely I have enjoyed myself during the few last

weeks. The last half-year was very long, and though it pleased God to bless our work very abundantly, and to make our endeavours for the good of the Academy very successful, yet of course it was not without some expenditure of energy and consequent unrest. I spent a week in Oxfordshire with some very old friends, and had pleasant walks and drives with the children—four girls, the eldest fourteen. From the hills near I could see into Warwickshire, and of course fancied that the air that came across from my own county was more refreshing than any other. I next went to the Lakes, and took up my abode for a few days at Borrowdale, on Derwentwater, not far from Keswick, at a farmhouse where my sister, Mrs. Blackwell, had gone with her youngest son to pass his holidays. That is by far the finest part of the Lake country, and we enjoyed our rambles among the hills and up the rivers most entirely. I visited all the most remarkable places and scrambled up the mountains. There is something most delightful in such scenes; one appears to hear the voice of God sounding in one's ears at every turn among the rocks. Even the air itself has a different effect from that of the gravelly atmosphere of this part of the world. The smallness of extent of the Lake scenery is much against it; one may walk in at one end and almost out at the other in the same day. Yet it is very good in itself, and a complete model on a small scale. From Borrowdale I went through Carlisle to Edinburgh, taking up my quarters at the house of my old ally, Piazzi Smythe, at the Royal Observatory. At that season the fashion is to leave that city, and everybody, even the very clerks

if they can manage it, make themselves scarce. But there remained there many men of science, besides engineers, artists, engravers, and men of that sort, a large number of whom assembled nightly at Smythe's house during the five days that I was with him. Nothing could have been more interesting to me, and I was enabled to brush up my acquaintance with many things which were becoming dim to my mind from disuse. The Professor's habits were not quite those which were likely to advance one's bodily preservation. He never thinks about going to bed until 3 A.M., breakfast some time between 9 and 11, and dinner at any indefinite convenient hour between that and midnight. One night when I was sneaking off to bed about *two*, he said, 'Are you *actually* going to bed?' And on my saying that I was, he coolly added, 'What *can* you do with yourself all the rest of the night?'

"However, it was pleasant to be there and see him working like a horse at all sorts of things, bearing a hand to assist everybody forward in their work, either of executing or inventing, and not only fulfilling his own particular duties most admirably, but making time, by taking it from rest, &c., to assist others in theirs. I need not say that he is greatly beloved by all there, and being really a good man, is highly respected also. At Edinburgh I met a brother officer (Riddell) and his wife going to start for the Highlands on the same day that I had proposed for myself, and agreed to accompany them. We met at Glasgow, to which place I proceeded alone in order to examine the Cathedral—a fine building, partially restored, and put in as good order as the Scotch

are capable of doing. The crypt is reckoned to be the finest in Britain, and not partaking of any *papistical* character, has been thoroughly restored in a worthy manner. I dare say that you know the Highlands well, and therefore I need only say that we went to Rothesay, down the Clyde. Then through the Kyles of Bute and the Crinan Canal to Oban. Visited Loch Etive and the Falls of Connelferry, Staffa, Iona, and other islands, Fort William, Glencoe, and up Ben Nevis. I had the pleasure of spending a week with the father and family of my friend Maclean at Ardgour. From his house I spent several days in wandering among the glorious hills around, visiting them at all hours and weathers, poking into glens and waterfalls till I was ready to scream with joy and delight. How harmonious, with all feelings of thanksgiving, adoration, and praise, is a hill country! No one can wonder at the heathen and the worshippers of Baal, or of any unknown God, choosing such localities for the sites of their temples! And how truly and wonderfully in accordance with this has the Lord our God chosen His 'holy hill of Zion' to cause His name to dwell there. I have not any pleasure in rattling through a country in order to see its beauties, however great they may be. To live quietly among them, and to enjoy them in familiar intercourse, is to me the perfection of enjoyment. And now I am again at work, I hope not the less able to do what is before me. We have commenced well, and the cadets appear to be in good heart. They have taken kindly to study, and are zealous for the carrying on of athletic exercises. Our senior corporal, Oldfield, is an excellent fellow, and by God's grace

we hope to go forward. At this moment there are one hundred and ten cadets with good conduct chevrons, the old average being fifteen. So far well. Send me a line when you can, for it is sometimes lonely in the midst of work, having no one to encourage one and stir one up."

To J. H. L.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
"*August* 21, 1849.

"First I must tell you a piece of news, which you must consider at present confidential.

"I have mentioned that on many occasions Sir Hew Ross has talked very freely with me about the corps generally, and that I have lost no opportunity of urging the necessity of commencing all changes at the right place—namely, the improvement of the position, education, and final usefulness of the young officers. I look on this and the establishment of the Institution on a proper footing as the most important points. Now the first involved two necessary preliminaries—1st, that the young officers should have time; 2nd, that they should have the means. To do the first, there was required that they should only have a certain amount of duty necessary for instruction but not for humbug. Last year, when they had many young officers here, they added another guard in the Arsenal to give them employment!! I have repeatedly urged that the young men should be collected in charge of a man capable of doing them justice and of carrying on the system on an enlarged scale, which Dixon has so ably advocated in his practice with the 'practical class' (senior cadets).

My idea was, attach them to companies, let them do all the necessary drill, but not the nonsensical parades, &c., and instead of these, let them go forward in all such acquirements as are desirable.

"Sir Hew always acknowledged the truth of this plan, but said it was not possible to get Lord Anglesey to consent to an officer being employed in such a charge, but I always told him, 'We shall get it some day.' The affair has rested there for some time, and I suppose he has thought more deeply about it, for the other day he sent for me, and, after expressing his intention of doing something of the sort, asked me if I would undertake it. I said no, for I did not think I was fit for it—I am no linguist or anything of that sort; but I said, 'The only man at present available likely to do it well is Captain Smythe.' He agreed to this, and so the affair ended.

". . . . I know from my acquaintance with the young men who have been here under me that they would gladly embrace any *definite* opportunity of improvement that was given them. One must make all allowance for the temptations which meet them at Woolwich, and give them every assistance. Now I reckon that it will do immense good,—the appointment of Smythe and the having a lecture-room; the young officers being taken off some duties and placed in his care, to lead on in strategy, military history, &c., and to have means of taking them to workshops, manufactories, &c., in London or elsewhere. [They did go subsequently on some such expeditions as those proposed, even visiting fortresses and factories on the Continent.]

"In common conversation they express the utmost readiness to do anything of the sort. . . .

"I am happy to say that the hall looks very beautiful. It is completed as far as we shall be able to do at present. Two end windows are done and two side ones. General Parker gave the *heads* of the two side windows, and I have had the other six put in at my own risk, and dun any fellow that I know well enough for 5*s.* to defray expenses. I thought it a pity to let it remain unfinished. Flags, armour, &c., fill up the interior.

"I am thankful to say that the Academy is going on very well. There are occasional exceptions, enough for two purposes, to keep one in mind not to expect too much because one may work hard, seeing that though it takes our labour to sow the seed, yet that the fruit and the harvest come of the Spirit only.

"I am also taught that I must be careful to steer clear of the temptation to substitute 'any other gospel' for that which is alone the safe foundation of truth and morality. I am therefore most anxious to let the cadets see that though the fact of things being *ungentlemanly*, unsoldierly, or immoral is a fact one cannot too strongly bear in mind, yet that if we base our endeavours of personal amendment on *such* ground we shall surely fall.

"The other day a corporal was drunk on Sunday—a very rare thing, and one which seemed to excite the indignation of the company. In speaking to them I merely said, after reading the sentence of solitary confinement, 'The Lieut.-Governor, by placing this gentleman in that position, has given him the opportunity of

considering not only the ungentlemanly behaviour of which he has been guilty, but also the great offence he has committed against God. If there are those among you that fear God and pray to Him, I beseech you do not forget him in your prayers.' I cannot tell you the singular sort of effect it seemed to have on them—they all walked out of the hall in perfect silence.

". . . . We have some splendid fellows, corporals, doing their duty like officers—hindering crime, putting down drinking, and all those sort of things; in short, we have upset completely the old system, not without much trouble and annoyance."

To Major Fawkes.

"*January* 24, 1850.

". . . . I remained at my brother's at Kenilworth till last Tuesday, enjoying the air of my native county, walking over to Berkeswell, and scrambling over the hedges and fields through which I have so often passed as a boy. There was a great Protectionist meeting at Warwick, and the temptation to hear what the wiseacres had to say was too great, so I went. Nothing *comes* of these sort of meetings, as country gentlemen generally have no idea of any systematic method of doing what is required. I longed to get up and tell them what I believe to be the true reason why they were driven to this corner—because as a body they had never shown the least interest in any of the truly important questions which involve *national* interests—education of the poor, Protestantism, admission of the Jews, labour, &c., or any of those things which being in reality principles, and

having been yielded to as not worth fighting for, they now squeak loud enough when the same principles carried out come near to touch *themselves*."

To Lieutenant R. Oldfield, Royal Artillery, then at Dublin:—

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
"*February* 19, 1850.

". . . . I dare say that you find that the change from cadet to officer is not so wonderfully agreeable in some respects, probably in *one* which you did not expect, namely, that the constant occupation, particularly that in the practical class, is in reality a source of interest. However, you must follow up some of the numerous things that you have commenced at this place, and making yourself perfectly *master* of *one* at least, you will, before many years elapse, find a use for it, and a use which may add to your income.

"I need not say that after your being so long with me here, and the way in which you carried on the duty, I feel very sure that you will ever be distinguished by a faithful regard to it; and I sincerely hope that as you have shown such ability for the practical duties of the profession (especially in the practical class), that you will not allow those talents to rust, but diligently and steadily work away as far as your opportunities will permit you. Personally I shall ever feel interested in your well-being, and need hardly add how glad I shall be to hear of or from you at any time. And now that you have got your commission, and are therefore as

interested a party as I am in the well-being of this 'nursery' of our corps, I shall be glad of any hints that may strike you as likely to add either to the character or comfort of the cadets."

To Major Fawkes.

"*March* 13, 1850.

"I dare say you have heard, or perhaps seen, a most false account in the papers, that we have had several rows here lately, or rather a case of ill-treatment which occurred last year was only lately brought to light, and three cadets sent away in consequence. I am so weary of the whole subject, that I will not dose you with it, but only say that the court of enquiry into the case satisfactorily proved that the *system* of such doings is entirely destroyed—that every cadet, however small, may find complete defence if he only simply says he will not be ill-used without reporting it. And lastly that, for the first time since the Academy was founded, we have a fair proportion of corporals on the side of authority and honest duty. Hitherto their sole object has been to screen cadets. Of course there will ever be some who cannot be trusted, and who will take opportunities to ill-use a junior. We have just completed our workshop and put six lathes into it. I hope soon to add benches and sets of carpenter's tools."

To Colonel Lawrence, Rifle Brigade.

"*March* 1850.

"What do you think of the Gorham case? I am very glad of the decision, not that I have any feeling with

the man or his party, but because as regards the Church and her usefulness I think it the *best.* Had it been otherwise, a great many of the Evangelical clergy, followed by their flocks (sheep or geese, according to opinion), would certainly have seceded—an evil the result of which no man could foresee. Now we shall at least have *consideration.* One thing is clear—*nothing* can restore to the Church her primitive office of sole instructor in the faith. Printing *began* to settle that, and *thought* has finished it. Either it is wrong for you and me to have Bibles, or the Church must be gentle and tolerant, guiding the precise littleness of the thorough Evangelical, and the abstruse, dreamy *circularity* of the thorough High Churchman. Let us pray for wisdom and peace."

To J. H. L.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY,
"*April* 20, 1850.

". . . . The interest about the Institution has never been so great as at present, and the corps generally is most anxious for its success. . . . There the matter stands at present. Mr. Miles is in a day or two going to ask in the House, of Colonel Anson or some member of the Board of Ordnance, 'if any steps have been taken to meet the views of officers of Royal Artillery in the matter of their education, &c., as commented on by the Committee of the House of Commons on hearing about their Institution.' I hope by this means that we shall get some steam put on to Board of Ordnance. Also, I have communicated privately (this between ourselves)

with Lord John Russell, and explained to him our position and difficulties, saying that it is always answered to us that the Treasury cannot afford to give money for such purposes, and requesting him, as an enlightened gentleman, an F.R.S., &c., to consider the case of four hundred gentlemen trying to procure the means of educating themselves more thoroughly for the service of the country, who are hindered at every turn. I conceive that as a gentleman of England and a *voter* I have a right to address his lordship privately on such matters. However, if I get a *wigging* I don't care, if we succeed in obtaining the notice that we ought to have. The fact is that we cannot stand any longer being humbugged by a set of men who neither know intelligently nor care in reality for the efficiency of our corps; and if we do not venture something for our brother officers, juniors, &c., ourselves, nobody else can be expected to do so. Smythe gets on very well with the class of young officers. It was attended with many difficulties at first. The surprise and ridicule attached to it are going off, and it will soon assume the form of a regular system. We may safely say that the experiment has been quite successful, and that nothing should hinder us from trying our utmost to make it a permanent part of the regiment."

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
"*April* 1850.

"I have had a good deal of headache lately, and went away for four days into Bedfordshire last week, which set me up. Such rides over the fields! glorious fences! I was near Culworth, the seat of Mr. Magniac, whose

daughter is married to my host, and he has one of the finest collections in England of works of mediæval art, most beautiful glass, porcelain, armour, gems—in short everything that comes under this head, to say nothing of many original portraits of old distinguished men of all nations. This added very much to the delight of my visit. The exhibition of these things now open in London is very beautiful, and doubtless will do much good. The working artist of this country has no idea of such things, as they are generally stowed away in the houses of private persons, instead of being open to public view, as on the Continent."

To Miss King.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
"*November* 7, 1850.

"What a state of things there is in England! I fear that nothing can be done to prevent this usurpation of the Pope. Perhaps Parliament will meet earlier, as Lord John Russell appears inclined to exert himself. I think the present state of things is very much owing to him and similar men. It is rather late to cry out, when by gradually weakening all our defences they have allowed the enemy to enter so coolly. There will be need of patience during the next year or two, as I suspect we have a good deal more to put up with yet. . . .

"Whether we shall ever get the question of military education entered into in a truly philosophical spirit admits of doubt; until we do I despair of finding it placed on a sound basis."

My husband and I first met on 28th December, 1846, just after his return from the Cape. He called on us in Cumberland Street, where my father, Mr. Pennington, was then living, and Captain Dixon came with him. We were engaged four years later, at Christmas, 1850, very soon after my father's death. I was then staying with my sister Rosa and Captain Hammond at Newport, Isle of Wight, Captain Hammond being then with the Depôt of the Rifle Brigade at Parkhurst Barracks.

He spent all that vacation, January 1851, with us there. When he went back to Woolwich I went to pay a long visit to his mother and sister and Lady Chester, who were then living together at Clifton. Later I went to the Irtons in Cumberland.

We were married on Thursday, 19th June, 1851, from Cumberland Street, at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. His brother Edward came up from Kenilworth to marry us. We went for our wedding tour first to Matlock, then on to Scotland.

The following was written by Captain Hammond in January, speaking of our engagement:—

"There is no one whose character would so exactly suit Fan, and to whom she would be so well suited as Wilmot.

"Such a character as his is rarely to be met with, combining as it does the finest qualities of a man—a soldier, a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. Everyone who knows him must admire his manly bearing, his independence of mind, his superiority to the

opinions of the world, his indifference to censure when he feels in his conscience that he is doing his duty to God and man, and his high Christian principle."

The following are a few extracts from letters written to myself during our engagement:—

"*February* 18, 1851.

"So many young officers have come in from foreign stations during the last fortnight that the garrison appears full of those that I knew as cadets. Many have been to visit me, and it is most interesting to me to observe the changes and growth of opinions among those that I had known as boys. I like them to come back in this way and have a talk about what they have seen and done and are hoping to do. This is the refreshment but for which I sometimes feel as if I should have to give up before long—the *depth* of the duty belonging to the command is so great. I can easily, comparatively, compass the *breadth* as it were—that part which relates to the external discipline in its highly moral form—but to get deeper is not so easy"

"*February* 20, 1851.

"An increase of care is not an increase of unhappiness; far from it. In the cloud the Saviour's form is discernible clearly to the eye of faith. We must be made like unto Him in all things.

"In sorrow and trial the bands of love, both human and divine, are more strongly knit. How exhilarating the response—'Lift up your hearts.' 'We lift them up unto the Lord.' . . . .

"How wonderful is the human heart!—the vehemence,

and yet fear; the resoluteness, and yet anxiety; the deep appreciation of a blessing, and yet the fear of not glorifying God in it. Well, we need not fear. The great love of our Saviour will support and strengthen us; and as for cares and troubles, God forbid we should despise the thought of them. Why, they touch not the life, the 'hidden man of the heart,' but are external, temporary, and blessed in their end."

"*February* 24.

". . . . Of course I have both belief and opinion on such subjects, but my habit of life has led me not to express them generally. . . . Reserved as is my *nature*, my heart goes out to *you* freely, thoroughly and completely. But at the same time you must allow for my *nature*, and say something which shows that you *wish* me to express myself. I have laboured, not without diligence, to keep an open heart to receive truth however presented; but the many counterfeits that are presented on all sides make one the more chary of any expressions that may convey the idea of one's having come to a final and well-defined opinion. Our *magnetic* dinner at Lefroy's was exceedingly pleasant, and went off capitally. It was certainly singular that eight of us who had been employed on similar service at the same time in all divisions of the globe should meet together once more. One could not help feeling how singular would be the private history of mental development consequent upon the same thing in these different persons. It would have been difficult to find eight men more cordial in their feelings towards one another

(amounting to affection in some cases) and yet more different."

The following was in answer to some observations about cathedral service in 1851, when choral service was rarely found anywhere else :—

"*February* 26.

"There are no doubt times and seasons when the cathedral service is that which touches the heart most effectually, probably because the form of music is so truly natural; I don't mean natural as contrary to spiritual, but merely as being in harmony with the spiritual construction. One sees it among the most illiterate, for beautiful as are the words and almost limitless the depth and fulness of the Liturgy, they fall on listless ears if spoken harshly, rapidly, and unfeelingly. But with the attractive charm of a melodious voice, and sent forth from a feeling heart, how different is the effect of the same words! Therefore I conclude that in a higher degree 'to those that can receive it' the cathedral service probably conveys a depth both of prayer and praise that others do not understand. And so one goes quietly on, thanking God for them, and for oneself hoping and believing that we serve the same Lord according to our light."

"*February* 27.

"In the quietness of the evening I can more pleasantly talk with you, and write on the points on which you wish me to answer; but remember that I do so not dogmatically. We are already agreed heartily on the 'one thing needful,' and although we may not do so entirely

on some other things at this moment, yet, by mutual consideration and gentleness, we may soon do so on them also. Matters of faith I hope I hold strongly; matters of opinion I hope I hold as weakly as is consistent with stability. Therefore when I speak of my 'opinions' you must understand my *present* opinions—open to change as God gives me light, retained only so long as I remain in the particular part of the 'way' through which we are all travelling towards the great future. Therefore as to the notion of maintaining or 'sticking to my opinions' so commonly expressed, I should as soon wish to stick to baby clothes during my whole life.

". . . . I was going to say something about your remark, namely, that if the Bible was taken by all as it *is*, there would not be such wide differences of opinion. It may be asked *why* you think so, when neither experience nor tradition nor the Bible history itself leads us to believe that it *ever* was so. Of course if everybody was equally experienced in the things of God, and equally had the advantages of learning and knowing, and with *truly* unbiassed and sincere hearts sought the Lord and His teaching, one could imagine that this *might* be the case. But in truth one must doubt its possibility so long as there are diversities of personal character and conformation; for though it is essential that we hold the 'unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' it is clear that there may be and *are* 'diversities of administration' under the same Lord. Doubtless our Lord gives His Holy Spirit to them that seek it, but not necessarily in one form, nor in a perfect form. For

example, the *end* of a devoted life must furnish more wisdom, knowledge, and love than at the *beginning;* consequently the same man at the end and at the beginning of life cannot entirely agree in all things."

"*March* 4.

"Touching the word 'opinion' I dare say I ought to have used it in the sense you do, considering the *legal* character of the last four generations of my family. A lawyer's 'opinion' is of course the result of thought, consideration, or experience; but I have used it in the general English bearing, as given by Johnson,—'Persuasion of the mind, without proof or certain knowledge.'"

"*March* 7.

"Well you are cool, you unbeliever! The idea of saying 'perhaps Johnson is right'—the glorious and stout-hearted Samuel! Of course he is right. Does he not quote the best writers in the language, not to make, but to show the meaning?

"This news of the Caffre outbreak has shocked me very much indeed. Poor Bissett, one of the most gallant fellows I ever met! I trust still he may recover his wounds. I suppose that Henry will go up to the frontier. How I detest anybody I love being in danger. One would not care about it for oneself, but it is most singular how one hates it for others."

"*March* 8.

"How curious it is to me to read about the Caffres, all the places with their outlandish names, and the people, so familiar to me. There is news to 8th January, but not a word about Henry. . . . .

"I would give anything for a month in Caffreland. Pure air, glorious mountains, to sleep in the open country with one's feet at the watch-fire, and the deep liquid blue of the sky covered with stars, the lovely 'Southern Cross' overhead. . . . . I fancied I had forgotten all the varied feelings of that part of my Cape life. As in every other case, the painful sensations caused by the daily view of stupidity and suffering have passed away, and the memory alone remains of free and frequent communion with God, who never appeared more *near* to me. . . . . How important it is to keep the mind in a constant state of generalization. One looks inwards till vision becomes fixed in a point, and one imagines that in it truth and true judgment lie. But the Scripture contains other things besides the doctrines of the Cross, and one may see how to deal with human hearts if one studies the human heart of the man Christ Jesus."

"*March* 17, 1851.

"I am very glad to hear of your poetry readings with Eliza. Life requires it. Without the gift of a cultivated imagination, even religion loses some of its expanding and heart-feeling power, for none of the capacities implanted by God can be set aside with impunity. Ever upwards is the heart borne on that melody, which is the necessary expression of the deep feeling and thought of every human creature.

"I was glad to hear of your visit to Mrs. Schimmelpenninck in spite of your architectural infidelity. It is at least well to hear what thinking people conclude, and it is good for a woman to see the workings of a superior

woman's mind. The surface appearances are not those of the most beauty, even in natural objects. Your incredulity did not 'shock me,' because it is a mere accident. Doubtless it has been cultivated by circumstances and self-cultivated by you—you bad gardener!"

"*March* 20.

"Half of these long six months are gone, not without use and profit, by God's grace, to both of us. Truly His grace is the needful thing; with it how much may be learned in bringing the *mind* into subjection! At least so *I* may learn; to you it may be easier. The acts and words are easily controlled compared with that inward spirit which so often is at work when the external deportment is quiet and unhasty."

"*March* 21.

"True, dearest, our life is not intended to be all sunshine; yet we know what it is that generally makes the heavens as brass, and comes as a thick cloud before the brightness of the Lord's presence, and how blessed to know that both in the natural and the spiritual kingdom there are such as grow and flourish in darkness as well as in sunshine, and that the *roots* of the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, strike deeply and strongly away from the light, and are as necessary to our life as the leaves and flowers 'for the healing of the nations,' which adorn the glories of that presence, seen by all in the brightness of day. I love to think of you, dearest, as the gift of God to me for adversity as well as for prosperity; for as 'by His grace preventing us' we may not be separated from the love of Christ, so

shall 'all things' minister to that building up in the faith which shall surely be ours if we diligently and faithfully seek His grace in that blessed—to me how blessed!—lot into which we hope He is permitting us to enter. Therefore let us ever strengthen one another's hearts in every circumstance."

The subject of my memoir had ever a most ready sympathy, and keenly felt for his friends in sorrow. Only a few days later than the above letter he wrote to me about friends at Woolwich who were in trouble. General Parker, then Governor of the Royal Military Academy, had just died, also Colonel Michell, and another friend was in some anxiety.

"*March* 29, 1851.

"I seem to be getting almost confused in the midst of such a succession of troubles. I do not know what I should have done without the compensation of your love, dearest. I cannot but be struck with the goodness which has caused the two to agree in point of time. What a selfish view, it might be said; but, dear child, on the other hand, does it not react on you and assimilate us in things that you have lately been called on to go through? For though I have had to pass through trials similar and yet in some respects more repugnant to the humanity of one's nature, how frequently must such lessons be repeated!"

"*April* 19, 1851.

"I thought of you at eight in the morning, when you would be arriving at Carlisle—a glorious morning of bright sunshine. How I should have enjoyed the sight

of the snow-tipped hills and the heart's melody which results from the brightness and freshness of spring-time in a pleasant land. Among the minor blessings of life I look forward to the enjoyment of many such scenes with you. Yet not altogether minor if we can keep in view the glory and love of God, and so be helped forward in what we must try ever to make the great object of our life—the growing more like Christ in all things, endeavouring by watchfulness and prayer to make all things minister unto this end."

"*April* 29.

"How glorious must be your part of the world now (Irton Hall, Cumberland). To my prejudices arising from early life in the country there never appears anything to me so full of the voice of God as such scenes. They are not scrubbed over with dirt and gilding, but speak sweetly and directly to the heart rather than to the intellect."

To J. H. L.

"HASTINGS, *January* 10, 1852.

"Nothing could be more favourable than the weather, the most lovely and sunny days that can be imagined. It makes one's heart warm also, I think, particularly when one has so very many mercies to be thankful for. Not the least are that both my brothers are yet spared in their various services. Henry* is at the Cape, where he exposes himself very much and is doing excellent service, being entrusted with keeping open the communica-

* Brevet-Major Henry R. Eardley-Wilmot, Royal Artillery, killed 1st January, 1852.

tion (being stationed at Fort Peddie) between King William's Town, where Sir Harry Smith is, and the colony. As you may imagine, it is necessary to keep his eyes open, as he has only four hundred men of all sorts, and is completely surrounded by the enemy, through whose very bush he has to escort waggons with provisions and ammunition to the front. But he meets the Caffre on his own ground. He says in his last letter: 'As I have to furnish escorts for cattle and waggons to Graham's Town and to the front, I cannot get out so much as I could wish, but manage occasionally to patrol about. I generally march all night and surprise some party or kraal in the morning. I have done this several times, chiefly in Seyolo's country, the other side of the Keiskama, and they say Seyolo is in such a fright that he dare not sleep twice in the same place. Once I went into his country without his knowledge with only two hundred men; in the afternoon he discovered it; we had a long talk, and he said he would come in the morning with a thousand men, but I decamped in the night without his knowledge, and surprised about thirty huts full of people, killing thirteen men. These fellows were going to join Seyolo to surprise me, but I was beforehand with them. I have just returned from another patrol into the same country, intending to remain out for four days, but on the first afternoon the rain and hail came down in such torrents that I had to make a forced march so as to recross the Keiskama before it was impassable, and was only just in time. The hailstones were as large as my fist, but not round; they appeared to be a number sticking

together, and they caught one a terrible crack on the head. All our ammunition and provisions were quite useless, so we were glad to get home. We were absent from Peddie for thirty hours only, out of which we halted nine hours, and marched sixty-five miles in the remaining twenty-one; so we did not let the grass grow under our feet. Most part of the time was over bad stony ground, up and down hill, and raining half the time;' and so forth, but I have not time to add any more. It will give you some idea of *his* way of doing business, and I am certain that half a dozen more like him in command would have had the affairs in a more prosperous state by this time."

Before this letter was written poor Henry's career was over; he was killed near Fort Peddie on January 1, 1852. We did not hear of it till March. His death was a very keen grief to his brother.

In 1853 he went to Switzerland for his summer vacation with his sister Mrs. Blackwell, W. and E., and Mr. Mann, from the Cape. He found time to write long letters, describing their daily doings and his delight in the scenery.

I give one letter only, which describes what Swiss tourists do not often care to visit:—

"GRINDELWALD, *July* 14, 1853.

". . . . From Interlaken we went up to 'Arenberg' to see an institution for 'crétins' and idiots. It was very hot and a stiff climb, but through woods and otherwise pleasant. The superintendent was at home, and was very kind in showing us everything. I cannot tell

you much about it now, only that it was one of the most interesting things I ever saw, and one felt grateful for being permitted to see it, and to find a man devoting himself to such a work of love. The 'crétin' is the idiot having also malformation of body and some physical disability. The idiot is one having a well-made body and defective brain only, and these are the most difficult to cure. There are thirty-seven of the crétins there, the most singular objects imaginable. The doctor, a Zurich man, who devised and works out the system, is a young man, and beaming with love and intelligence. The *beams* of love from the faces of these poor idiot children was the most extraordinary and affecting thing I ever saw. It seemed as if the very Spirit of God was issuing from their poor distorted countenances. I feel quite thankful to have seen it."

The next letters are interesting as showing the courageous and statesman-like views taken by the subject of this memoir with regard to a sweeping change in the Ordnance Corps, which alarmed the timid and the short-sighted, but which has been fully justified by the results.

To J. H. L.

"ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
"*June* 24, 1854.

"Mr. Monsell requested my attendance at the Ordnance Office to-day, and after an injunction to secrecy said he wanted to know the feeling of the Royal Artillery on the *probable* question of the Ordnance Corps being placed under the Horse Guards, as may be attempted when the new office of 'Minister for War' begins to

work. It is evidently his idea that such an arrangement would be likely to interfere with the appointment of proper men to the charge of the Arsenal departments, and that the hope of any appreciation of scientific attainments would be very much destroyed. I said that I could not *conclude* that such would be the case from a simple change of masters. I asked leave to talk it over with you and Dixon, and he evidently wished that a report of some sort should be privately prepared so as to prime him with the arguments which he supposes we should use if we had the idea that science was likely to be much pooh-poohed under any change of system. The question is a very large one, and I think we should go into it. It is very desirable that we should act on such communications, as it helps forward the service, and infuses new life into the Ordnance Office."

"*June* 26.

"With regard to the other point, of course we will do what we can, but I fancy it is not easy to show that we should not do better under a *national* Minister, who would take a national view, than under a set called a 'Board,' a civilian, a captain in the Navy, and an officer of the Line."

He was promoted to Lieut.-Colonel in June 1854, and then we left the Royal Military Academy. He first had six weeks' leave, taking a most enjoyable tour in Switzerland with Mrs. Blackwell and myself, and then we were sent to Ireland, to Charlemont, near Armagh, but in less than three months he was ordered back to Woolwich. The following letter was written from Ireland:—

To J. H. L.

"CHARLEMONT, *October*, 1854.

"I think you have got hold of a wrong fancy about my objection to miscellaneous parties. I do not select them, but do not decline them, except when they are in the form of balls, &c., when people meet not for social recreation in what appears to me the good sense of the term. Of course I do not object to anybody else following their own method of proceeding. A line must be drawn somewhere, and I have chosen that as the best, the least likely to give offence, and as not excluding me from anything in which a man can pretend to go with any idea of 'being useful.' Time gets on, and with this change comes many a thought about the eternal and the unchangeable. Knowing that there is not any standing still, but that one is either advancing or retreating from the kingdom, it is not easy to pass from the meditation on the character of Christ and the glories of His kingdom to a ball-room. At least *I* cannot do it, and as my wife has the same feeling we manage very well. I think that, as in other things, one may take what falls in one's way, and glorify Him by our cheerful and pleasant method of meeting what one does not altogether like. But I cannot seek such situations. Refreshment to me is a different sort of thing."

"WOOLWICH, *December* 21, 1854.

". . . . But it is essential to success that our men should know each other (remember Townshend's exclamation, 'Don't disgrace me'), and how easy to divide these companies again if not wanted. I think our men

and officers do better in *sailing* ships, they become more acquainted with one another. Until the above are ordered we are not in a prepared condition, or one to do credit to our Government."

"KENILWORTH VICARAGE,
"*January* 1, 1855.

"I called at your house on Christmas Day in the hope of wishing you many happy returns, &c., and not having since seen you I must not let the New Year commence without doing so, which I do most heartily, wishing for you and yours, as for myself and mine, that each year may see us brought nearer unto Him, and more joyfully and hopefully looking for and hasting the day of His appearing. My brother always has—a good custom—a service and the Holy Communion on New Year's Day, a refreshment in the quiet of the country, where one can bring all one's friends as it were to the Lord's Table. It is long since I have seen any of my family, and am glad to meet a part of it here. The accounts from the war seem more cheerful. Poor Adams! he is a Warwickshire man, and much beloved. I cannot understand the difficulty about the post. In the Caffre affair my first act was to organize an armed post of relay, of parties of eight men, mounted and armed, to carry the mail *two hundred miles;* and *every* infantry brigade had its ammunition, or pack-horses and mules, which was my second act, and was then to me a new idea, and very successful."

The year 1855 was one of many changes at Woolwich. It was just in the midst of the Crimean War,

when the army in all its branches and necessities was much before the public mind. The old "Board of Ordnance" then ceased to be, and was merged in the "War Office" under a new régime. The manufacturing departments of the Royal Arsenal were also then separated from the military department, and put under the immediate control of the newly-created "Minister for War," then Lord Panmure. In all these changes Colonel Wilmot took the deepest interest. He was appointed by Lord Panmure Superintendent of the Gun Factories in July 1855, and we moved into the Arsenal, and were there four years and a half. It was a time when all concerned were working at high pressure, necessitated by the requirements of the army at Sebastopol and the unpreparedness consequent on a forty years' peace. Of course the peace of 1856 produced a lull in many ways; but still it was a time of very hard work to him, combined with a great deal of official worry. Altogether, I think it took more out of him than any other four years of his life, and did more towards turning a young man into an old one. As he had set himself in all earnestness to study the subjects, first of magnetism and then of cadets, so now he gave all his mind to the study of iron as applied to guns, and the varied requirements of his gun factory, the men as well as *matériel*. One of his first cares was to arrange for a Scripture reader to visit the families in the week and the men on Sundays, and he paid the salary of the Scripture reader himself. Towards the end of 1855 he went on a tour to visit some of the arsenals of Belgium, Prussia, and France, with Captain Boxer, Superintendent of the Laboratory, Mr.

Abel, and Colonel Tulloh; and they went to Liége, Berlin, Munich, Strasbourg, and Paris.

The following letters refer to this time and journey:—

To myself.

"ANTWERP, *October* 9, 1855.

"We are just returned, well soaked, from making a grand tour all round the various workshops and places in the Arsenal here, and we are going on to Liége this evening, so as not to lose any time.

"We got to the Cathedral this morning to see the Rubens. The 'Descent from the Cross' far surpassed my imagination. There were several students making copies, all of which more prominently set forth the glory of the original. I could not describe it, the richness and beauty of it is beyond anything. Rubens' other pictures there are invaluable, but none to my mind to be compared to that. . . . After Liége we are to go on to Berlin."

"MUNICH, *October* 26, 1855.

"We left Dresden on Wednesday evening and slept at Leipsic, and then sixteen hours' train to this place. We have seen some glorious things, and have splendid weather. I wish you could have been here with me, and at Dresden and Berlin; such splendid pictures and such beautiful cities! Well, let us hope for an expedition some day. . . . We go on to-morrow night to Strasbourg, and I suppose on to Paris."

Very soon after our move into the Arsenal our brother-in-law, Captain Hammond, of the Rifle Brigade,

went out to the Crimea, and embarked on the 'Harbinger' at Woolwich on Sunday, August 12, 1855. The last night he ever spent in England he slept in our quarters in the Arsenal. He and two brothers and a sister dined at Colonel Hardinge's at the Repository, and he went down to the Arsenal later. To my great regret I was away from home with my children, so Colonel Wilmot received him alone. He afterwards alluded to it in a letter to his wife:—"I enjoyed so much the hour I spent with dear Frederick, after returning from the Hardinge's on the night of Saturday. Though dreadfully tired, I would not have missed that quiet time with him on any account. He read Heb. iii. and prayed with me."

The following morning is mentioned in the published memoir of Captain Hammond:—

"At an officer's quarters in the Arsenal the party met and breakfasted together. They then joined together in prayer. The chapter read was Heb. xiii., 'Let brotherly love continue.' After breakfast they walked through the Arsenal to the quay."

Captain Hammond arrived at Sebastopol just before the last attack, in which he fell on 8th September, 1855.

A recent letter from Sir Henry Bessemer, which appeared in the 'Times' of the 25th April, 1879, contained passages which are reproduced here in the form of extracts, showing how keenly Colonel Wilmot was interested in the *science* of the department over which he presided:—

"My early progress was known only to a few scientific men, among whom was Colonel Eardley-Wilmot, R.A., who took great interest in the invention, and kindly allowed me to roll bars of my metal at the rolling-mills in the Arsenal, at Woolwich. A bar so rolled direct from the ingot and another bar formed by piling and welding separate pieces were exhibited by me on the reading of my paper before the British Association at Cheltenham, in August 1856, and which excited so much interest in the metallurgical world. From that moment Colonel Wilmot, the then Superintendent of the Royal Gun Factories at Woolwich, watched the progress of my invention with the deepest interest, and tested the products of it from time to time in the work-shops, both under the hammer and between the rolls, and also in the laboratory, where its powers of resistance to strains were carefully tested. Numerous analyses were also made of its chemical constituents. Colonel Wilmot thus with unflagging perseverance followed up these investigations, and many were the conversations held with me over the advantages which the service would derive from its adoption.

"I established steel works at Sheffield in 1858, when Colonel Wilmot came down to see the process in operation on a commercial scale; he also saw the metal put to numerous severe tests, and took some pieces he had seen made from pig iron in seventeen minutes with him back to Woolwich for the purpose of further examination. In May 1859, I read a paper at the Institution of Civil Engineers on the manufacture of iron and steel, at which Colonel Wilmot was present, and on which

occasion I exhibited samples of steel of the finest quality made in Sweden, France, and in England. In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper Colonel Wilmot said :—

"'He had from the commencement of these inquiries taken a great interest in them, and had mechanically tested the products originally produced; a chemical examination was also made at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and the results had been indicated; and it had been stated at the same time that the Bessemer process was perfectly effective in removing the silicon from iron, but that it did not operate upon the phosphorus and sulphur. Acting on this knowledge, which was corroborated in many quarters, Mr. Bessemer had wisely dealt with such iron as yielded the desired result. As regarded the difficulties of the process, as well as the results of it, he thought that the best thing for a member of a practical society to do was to follow his example and go and see it for himself. Nothing could be more simple or more perfectly under control, and having by a few trials ascertained the particular kind of treatment required with the sample of iron to be dealt with, it was operated upon with certainty.'

"Colonel Wilmot took with him to Woolwich from my works a lump of metal which had been cooled in the bottom of a ladle, and was consequently in the cast or unhammered state. He had experimented on this metal and described the result to the meeting in these words :—

"'A cylinder 2 inches in diameter was taken out of this mass, and gave a tenacity of 42,908 lb. on the square inch, and a specific gravity of 7·626. A similar cylinder was drawn out under an ordinary smith's hammer to twice its length, and then gave a tenacity of 64,426 lb., and a specific gravity of 7·841. This portion of the metal was examined by the chemist to the War Department, and was found to contain—silicon, 0·00; graphite, 0·00; combined carbon, minute quantity; sulphur, 0·02; phosphorus, trace; manganese, trace. This appeared to him more nearly true iron than any he had seen. The ordinary iron of the market was in that sense not iron, but a compound of iron and certain other ingredients. As regarded the steel, he had been using it for turning the outside of iron guns, cutting off large shavings several inches in length, and he had found none superior to it, although much more costly. It was only necessary to witness the operation of the manufacture by the Bessemer process to be satisfied that the expense of converting the pig-iron into any of the products involved scarcely any cost beyond the labour, and that for a very short period of time; and, as far as the price went, Mr. Bessemer had offered to supply such sizes as it was worth his while to make at the prices stated.'

"Soon after this, I made some hollow cylindrical pieces of mild steel, such as would be suitable for the jackets or hoops of built-up guns; these cylinders were bored and turned at my works and taken by myself to Woolwich, where they were crushed flat, under repeated

blows of the steam hammer, while perfectly cold, but without showing the least sign of cracking at the edges —a test that no Armstrong coil could stand.

"These results were so eminently satisfactory that Colonel Wilmot determined on the adoption of the process at Woolwich, and I was requested to send in a tender stating the cost of the converting apparatus and the cost of the Bessemer iron and steel produced by it. My quotation was about 3500*l.* for the apparatus, which I undertook should make fluid Bessemer steel or malleable iron from the highest qualities of English pig-iron ready to pour into the moulds at a net cost not exceeding 6*l.* 10*s.* per ton, and I am fully prepared to show that steel could be made at that time, as well as at the present, even below the prices I have quoted.

"Just as matters had assumed this position, I heard that Colonel Wilmot had been hastily superseded in favour of Mr. W. G. Armstrong, and I was referred to Mr. Sidney Herbert, whom I made thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of Colonel Wilmot's investigations, which had extended over a period of nearly three years and was matter of general knowledge in the smiths' shops, the rolling-mill, and the laboratory of the Arsenal, from any of which sources, as well as from Colonel Wilmot, he could obtain all necessary information."

Extracts from Colonel Wilmot's private letters are now resumed:—

To J. H. L.

"WOOLWICH ARSENAL,
"*July* 10, 1855.

"Is there any hope of my money for improving this department? I told Prince Albert that I did not think any gas-pipe maker would make a fortune if he went on the system of founding that I had the honour to exhibit to H.R.H. He was much interested in the Worondorf gun, and that brought up the question of Shoeburyness, the condition of which I detailed to him, to the horror of —— who was standing by. The Prince said he hoped it would be attended to; so I hope that has got a push. The fact is, that the question of iron guns is of the greatest importance, to say nothing of correct range, &c. Are we to have cast iron, wrought iron, hooped and barred, malleable cast steel, or what? Careful and most ingenious experiments should settle all this."

"*January* 15, 1856.

"The education question is one of deep importance. . . . . Mr. Lake's idea of the universal college is that of Sidney Herbert, Lord Panmure, the Prince, and others; so I conclude it will be done. It seems to me a most contracted view of education. My idea is, that the army wants, like any other profession, its 'special' training; but why men should be herded together for that which they do not want—preliminary teaching—I do not see. We shall, as before, form a 'class,' and a class of the worst sort. I think the country can produce at schools all the elements and give the bases of what we want, and each corps and regiment can do the rest, brigading the

whole together frequently and forming real 'camps of instruction' and mutual action."

"WOOLWICH ARSENAL,
"*May* 3, 1856.

"I quite agree about the importance of the College for Senior Departments, that without that nothing is done. I take advantage of every movement to work out what appear to be changes for the better, and thus work at the Academy because it is thrown in my way. . . . . The question is, *what* is to be done about a Senior Department College. It is a point for which I have spoken and written over and over again, to try and get men to speak and *act* about it. . . . . I urged it on Sir Hew Ross till he told Dixon I was a 'maniac on some fancies.' I urged it on Lord Anglesey as regards the Institution, and I alluded to the principle before the Committee of the House. But it is because I care for it that I will help other views which appear to me to *lead* to this. It is the indifference of men that stops it."

"*July* 24, 1856.

"The only 'mania' Monsell appears to have about education is competitive examination and public competition. This is the point where I differ entirely. For the immediate wants of the moment it was good, and there was much need at the time. I should not allow the Minister of War to be quit of the responsibility of naming 'fit and proper persons.' As to the rest, I confess I lean to the view that it is 'British stuff' which carries men through. The Guards prove that to me, I think, for they have not much juvenile training or

subsequent learning, but they display all the pluck, resources, and self-denial of the true soldier. I only want to see the same thing, *plus* a little more professional knowledge, and a heartier appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of the military profession. To suppose that any system will give us better men for our service than have hitherto been commissioned, is just so much folly, I think; but I may be wrong."

To myself.

"WOOLWICH ARSENAL,
"*July*, 1857.

"Quiet communion with God and the contemplation of His character as revealed in Jesus Christ, how refreshing it is! . . . We ought to avoid interruptions at certain times in the day, . . . and we should soon find that our souls were more in health. *He* does not change, but is ever merciful and compassionate, and desirous of blessing us; but we are hindered in ourselves. If we cannot say 'Hallelujah! Amen,' we can say 'Amen, Hallelujah!' If we cannot commence by praise, we shall, if we say 'Thy will be done,' *end* by praising Him."

"WOOLWICH ARSENAL,
"*July* 31, 1857.

"I met a sentence in a book yesterday which pleased me much, as explaining one of the great sources of one's pleasure and gratification in common and daily life. Speaking of a girl, it mentioned her 'attention to little services most gratifying to those who would never think of exacting them.' Here, I think, is the true secret of

family happiness—that each thoughtfully performs all that they can, to add to the comfort and happiness of those about them, so that each shall *feel* without being told that the others 'care for' them in the good old meaning of the word; and thus, besides that the duties of life should be sanctified by the Word of God and prayer, they may be sanctified in a measure by affection and consideration . . . . There is stronger power and fascination in those actions which are the result of thoughtful consideration, than in those that arise out of present and immediate wants.

". . . . It is a continual *thinking of thanks* to our Heavenly Father for His goodness. Somehow one feels as if He had a special pleasure in being good to one; but I suppose all feel that, because each is only fully aware of his own unworthiness, and how it must be entirely of His love and mercy that he gets anything."

To J. H. L.

"WOOLWICH ARSENAL,
"*June* 5, 1858.

"I dare say you are right about ——, only I have not found it so. I fully believe in what you say about my manner, as Mrs. Gregory used to tell me so twenty years ago, and I have striven hard to correct it; for it arises as much from a stupid sort of shyness as from any feeling of opposition—so much so, that my natural remedy has always been to keep away from those that appear to disapprove of me."

"*July* 14, 1858.

"We had a visit yesterday from the head of the

'Carron Iron Works.' He volunteered any 'wrinkles' he could give us, but we were much amused by his fairly and honestly expressing his satisfaction, and stating that he could not have believed it possible that in so new an establishment everything could be so systematic, complete, and well-worked, and acknowledged that he had *learnt* a good deal!"

"WOOLWICH ARSENAL,
"*May* 18, 1859.

"The new organization has come to pass, and many plume themselves on it as a new and splendid idea, forgetting the labours of such men as Frazer and the old advocates. It looks as if it would work well, and of course has *the* great principle we have fought for so long—the independence of the colonels in command of brigades. . . . I fear our men have lost the feeling of *desiring* any responsibility, and the good Academy training vanishes in a very few years' service. But now it will, I hope, be perpetuated. The letters of Sir Augustus Frazer are a most timely publication; exceedingly interesting and pleasant, such a good spirit and so workmanlike. The possessors of them deserve our warmest thanks for publishing them."

Looking back over a few years, I introduce a few statistics as necessary links.

In September, 1856, he went with Mr. Abel to inspect some iron works and smelting furnaces in Silesia, and this time Mrs. Abel and I went too, and also Mrs. Blackwell, and a most interesting tour we had. We went by Berlin to Breslau, in Silesia, and then to the remote village of Königshütte. One of the iron works

they wished to see was about six miles off, so, as the little hotel boasted of no carriage except the one heavy machine which rumbled to and from the railway, we all drove there on a hay-waggon of the rudest construction, seated on heaps of straw, to the great entertainment of the hotel people. Having got thus far, we thought we might as well go a little farther on our own account, so we went to Warsaw, and Cracow, and Vienna, and home by Prague and Dresden. Colonel Wilmot was not a linguist, and though he always managed to understand a good deal that was said, he never would attempt to speak either French or German. On this occasion Mr. Abel's German, as natural to him as his English, was a great advantage, and his unfailing kindness and good temper made him the most charming of travelling companions. Colonel Wilmot was fond of travelling, and thoroughly entered into all the many and varied interests it gives one; the people and their customs, past histories and antiquities, beauties of art, or beauties of nature, he enjoyed them all.

But I don't think he ever looked back upon any of his tours with more entire quiet pleasure than he did to our driving tours, when we went out for six weeks at a time, only our two selves, without even a servant, with our own carriage and horse. The first was in 1857, when we drove through the New Forest, and then getting as far west as Glastonbury and Wells, and as far north as Oxford.

He so enjoyed what he called "poking about the country," driving quietly along when and where he pleased, often starting in the morning without knowing

exactly where we should stop that night. The next year, 1858, we went by train to Coventry, starting from there. We then spent a week at Berkeswell, at Pearman's farm, Mercot Hall. It was his last visit there, at least for any time, though he did just see it again once, perhaps twice. From Berkeswell we drove on by Lichfield, through Derbyshire and part of Yorkshire, to the English Lakes, spending a most enjoyable ten days in Cumberland at Irton Hall. We then took the train again to Cheshire, to Crewe, and drove all the way home from there. Our last tour was in 1859, when we started from Gloucester, going through the Forest of Dean and South Wales, by Monmouth and Raglan Castle.

This tour was also much devoted to iron and steel, as we went to several iron works in South Wales, having an especially interesting day at Ebbw Vale Works, Blaenavon, and those near Pontypool. Then we went on to enjoy the beauties of scenery in North Wales, and so by Chester to Manchester. There we came in for iron in its more advanced stage, and saw Fairbairn's locomotive factory, and Whitworth's, as well as cotton mills. We went also to the Mersey Steel Works at Liverpool, and Laird's iron ship yard at Birkenhead; and afterwards we went to inspect Bessemer's steel process at Sheffield, staying while there with Major Fawkes. Having finished with factories, we drove home through Nottingham, Kenilworth, and Aylesbury.

In November in that year, 1859, the Government decided not only on having Armstrong guns, but on giving Mr. Armstrong the control of the gun factories, an arrangement which Colonel Wilmot from the first

was sure could never last, and the final result fully justified his opinion. In consequence of this he was requested to resign, and we left the Arsenal before Christmas, spending the next three months in Nottinghamshire with my kind old cousin, Mr. Robinson, at Widmerpool. In March Colonel Wilmot was appointed to the command of the Artillery in Canada, and in May, 1860, we went to Montreal.

The following extract shows the spirit in which he bore his supersession in the Arsenal:—

To J. H. L.

"WIDMERPOOL, NOTTINGHAM,
"*January* 27, 1860.

". . . . This sort of misrepresentation does not annoy me, so long as I can keep in view, as I hope I generally do, the great fact that we 'serve the Lord Christ.' The time and place *may* be found for reply, if it His will, but I do not intend to *make* it. I have given up all expectation of employment, and have imagined for myself a course of study and occupation. I feel as if I were free for the first time."

"WIDMERPOOL, NOTTINGHAM,
"*February* 7, 1860.

"I want to ask your opinion and advice. By to-day's post I am offered the command of the Royal Artillery in Canada.

"My *taste* would lead me to decline. I am not too old to fight many a good battle in some new line in England, and I have always looked forward to my present rank as full Colonel as the commencement of

another career altogether. It has given me enough to live on, as our wants are very moderate, and both of us are willing to live quietly and humbly. I am aware that if I decline, nothing else would be offered, but unfortunately that is exactly the condition of things I should like. I need not say that being out of England at all is hateful to me, but being so for five years at this peculiar and critical time is a sore difficulty.

"Then what *good* can one do in such a command? One knows very well that you may break your heart in trying to make any recommendations or changes, and nothing comes of it, except, as it did to me in Ireland, when I reported the disgraceful state of the coast defences, batteries, guns, and everything, you are put down as a 'troublesome fellow.' Not that I expect I could add *much* to my character in *that* line!! Then, also, from what I have seen of the 'brigades,' the senior officers have no intercourse or influence on the non-commissioned officers and men, the duty being more than ever 'company,' and one's main hope in sticking to the concern is to be of use to *them*."

But in spite of all he gave up his first wishes, listened to friends' advice, and to Canada we went in May.

In the summer of 1860 the Prince of Wales came to open the Britannia Bridge at Montreal. Sir Fenwick Williams, Colonel Wilmot, and other officers on the Staff in Canada, attended His Royal Highness during his tour through the Canadian Dominion.

The following extracts from his correspondence find an appropriate place here:—

To J. H. L.

"MONTREAL, *January* 17, 1861.

". . . . An attack of influenza prevented my taking part in the proceedings of the annual meeting of the 'Church Society' here, which I was very anxious to do. The particular subject is a very important one, not only in a colony, but in our own country. I have lately read a good deal relative to the doings of the Episcopal Church in America, and everything goes to show the utter failure of the 'voluntary system,' and the necessity of making the minister of Christ as independent as possible of pew rents, &c., and of the temporal arrangements of the parish. The evidence goes to show that it is easier to obtain money for the erection of a church than for the endowment of a minister, and the universal reply as to the reason of this is that it is *cheaper* to build a church and let the pews. I am thinking that the command to 'preach the Gospel' ought perhaps to make us direct our attention more to the permanent establishment of an efficient ministry in the first instance, and let the church building follow, rather than reverse the order and let the minister be subsequent to the church. . . . I think ——'s great fault is an entire ignorance of the feelings and devotedness of officers and soldiers. I believe that *any sacrifice* would be willingly submitted to by the large majority if put before them in a plain, simple, honourable appeal. It is this sneaking sort of *coup d'état* which is so offensive. It makes men, unduly perhaps, suspicious; sets the minds of men whose interests ought to be identical with those of the heads of

the Army and War Office in a position of antagonism. So far from cordiality there arises a feeling of distrust, a hateful necessity to every honourable and right-feeling officer. When a man forgets the weakness of his fellows, and acts towards them without any indication of those human sympathies which cannot be ignored without injury to the right feeling of humanity, he shows himself to be perhaps a fine politician for a despotic country, but a very poor one for a nation of Bible-loving freemen. . . . I have just had a return made of the guns here. . . . there is only one 68-pr. and one 56-pr., and half a dozen 8-inch guns in Canada. Quebec mostly indulges in 12-prs. and 18-prs. and carronades, 32-prs. at Kingston, all mounted en barbette, and which would last about three minutes before one of these cast-iron Yankee cannon served in a big boat on the lake. One does not know which way to turn to do any good in anything. I feel quite ashamed of drawing my pay! It is like living in a skeleton of the army!—getting up and going to bed in humbug. Well, I suppose it is all right, if the powers that be like it, and had it not been for my former work I should not perhaps feel it so much. It makes one feel that one has had some opportunities of doing something, and having done nothing, such are properly and justly removed. I am content, I hope."

To General Gardner.

"MONTREAL, *March* 1861.

"It is very difficult to find out what the Yankees are doing in rifled cannon or any other improvement. The 'Secession' movement appears to change its aspects, but

I do not think that anyone considers that the 'Union' will hold together. It appears to have been a long-prepared plot. The fact is there is no union of feeling or habits of thought. The Southerners are a cross breed of Irish, Spanish, and all sorts of 'warm-blooded animals,' and they have not been nor can be one with the Northerners, except in matters of convenience. Many think there will be bloodshed yet, and everything goes to show it.

"I see a useful article on 'Iron' in the 'Quarterly.' I don't think the writer puts forward sufficiently strongly the entire ignorance and prejudice of everybody connected with iron-working except in respect to their *own* iron locality. A Lowmoor furnace-man, for instance, would be quite wrong in Walker's foundry; his knowledge relative to other iron is nothing. Consequently in the Arsenal we could get no aid, and I am of opinion that from our wider experience we had more *general* knowledge of iron in the Arsenal than in any place in the kingdom. In another year we should have shown what could be done. . . . Did I tell you that I had been giving some lectures in one of our barrack rooms to our few men? Many from other regiments came also and filled the room. I found they had nothing to amuse them, and so offered to go once a week. Finding it has taken so well, I am sorry I did not think of it sooner in the winter. I gave them two on Hannibal's campaign in Italy, which is full of interesting details, and which appeared to please them much; one on flies and spiders, one on rats, and one on plants and tobacco. I hope, if all's well, to prepare during the summer for next winter,

as it is hard work preparing all the diagrams, &c., each week. After the lecture I produced the microscope and showed them all the parts of the insects and plants. This being new was much appreciated, and they peeped cautiously, as if they expected the rat's hair or spider's claw would make a dash at their eye. Their remarks were very original and amusing.

"Things don't look very quiet in Europe. Italian freedom is somewhat a myth as yet. It took us near upon three hundred years after we had an 'open Bible' to get real freedom; many, indeed, consider we want many more reforms to perfect it yet. So we can hardly expect that the Italians, without any mental preparation of any sort, can start off into a new and perfect phase of political life all at once; and as to their unity, we shall see the history of Rome is the history of Italy, and we know they have never been *one* yet."

To J. H. L.

"MONTREAL, *April* 3, 1861.

"Who is the author of the article in the 'Quarterly' on 'Iron'? It is an interesting paper; it does not sufficiently point out the curious fact that the knowledge of iron in England is almost strictly *local*. This was more the case before the stir relative to Government works turned the minds of ironmasters towards the subject. When we first began I do not think there was a man in the kingdom—I don't even except Fairbairn—who could give information as to the character and behaviour under various treatments of any iron except the particular one that he was using. The manufacture of it was so 'rule

of thumb,' that no man could depend on his own eyes. I believe that latterly in the Royal Gun Factory there was more *general* knowledge on the subject of iron than in any factory in the world. We had seen it of all sorts, of all countries and all varieties. We had the most important and secret information from the most celebrated firms in England, contradicting one another on vital points, all being again opposed by others, according as they were Swedish, Belgian, or Prussian. . . . . You see how chary the writer is in giving any opinion about iron. If he is well acquainted with the apparent contradictory facts, the different results arising from minute and accidental differences, or manufacture or treatment, the difficulty and uncertainty of manipulation, he knows he has good reason for his caution. He evidently was aware of these, for while I only ventured to say that *woods* are not more various among themselves than are irons, he says 'iron does not more completely differ from wood, than iron does from iron.'"

In September 1861 we went together to Niagara, also to Ottawa and Toronto, and memorable to me, as it was our last tour together. In November he went with our kind neighbours at Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, for a tour in the States.

To J. H. L.

"MONTREAL, *December* 29, 1861.

". . . . A great deal of the usual joyfulness of Christmas has been prevented by the universal feeling of real sorrow with which so many of us thought of our Queen spending her season in deep anguish and desolation of

heart. How profound must be the grief and sympathy in England we can well imagine when even in a colony like this nearly every one felt as pained as if they had heard of the death of a near relative.

". . . . I met with great kindness at Washington from all the officers; your friend Professor Henry and his family were most agreeable and attentive. He looks on the civil war in a philosophical point of view, and considers it almost a necessity in the present condition of the human mind as brought forward in the States. He agreed with another American gentleman who told me they had neither freedom nor law among them—a saying which you will understand when you think of it. I was rather disappointed at the Smithsonian, and indeed at the outward appearance of science even in Philadelphia, where I met some of the most able men of the country. They have no collection in the European sense of the word, but each man has a speciality of his own, and searches the American continent for what is most important and interesting to himself. As to the American nation, I am scarcely able to form an opinion of course. You have seen as much as I have; I can only say I am glad we are not like them. The point which struck me most, and seemed to be a sort of principle which explained to myself much about them, is that the great difference between us nationally may be summed up thus:—The law to an Englishman, whether divine or human, is more or less *in him*, a living principle, whose claims he decidedly acknowledges and cannot escape from, even if he were alone in the world; but the same law is only *for* the American, a thing external to him-

self, forms no part of his being, may be evaded, broken, or altered to suit his intentions, if these can be done with impunity. Of course I do not speak of individuals."

In 1862 our poor little child Hilda began and ended her short life. She died in June, and rests in the garrison cemetery at Montreal. I came home directly after, for our daughter Mabel's sake, who was very ill, taking Bertha and Irton. My husband followed in October with Kenred and Arthur, when the brigade came home in the troop-ship 'Himalaya,' calling at Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was then a colonel unemployed, so we stayed that winter, to be near Mrs. Hammond, at Bridge, Canterbury; then went for a year to Sherborne, Dorsetshire, till July 1864, when he was appointed Commandant of the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness—his last command, and a very happy one to us all.

The following two extracts from letters belong to the Montreal epoch, and are introduced here before passing on to the next epoch. They reveal his abundant sympathy with sorrow and suffering. In speaking of a case of distress which he heard of and was able to help, he says:—

To myself.

"MONTREAL, *July* 1862.

"What a blessing when the Saviour sends people to one to remind us of our many mercies and gifts, and of our having got stores in charge for distribution on His account."

"MONTREAL, *July* 1862.

"As for me I see a good deal of my own society, and though in one sense I am not much gratified, I am in another, as I like being alone when I have not got you, my child, with me. It gives time for consideration, and enables me to think over many things; and how much in quietness and solitude one sees of one's own heart, and, by His grace, of the unsearchable riches of Christ. What an inestimable mine the Word of God is! Those wonderful chapters in St. John, which we are now both reading, how full of the depth and height of the love of Christ! How one longs to see into the mysterious hidden life of the Redeemer, and to understand His words, which are spirit and life to them that receive them. . . . .

". . . . I seem to think more and more of those important words, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' May we be able to leave it all to Him in full faith and hope. . . . . Let us hope and pray that He will fulfil His will *in us*, that not in word or even in thought we may show any murmuring. When we think of the happiness we have had together our hearts ought to overflow with thankfulness and trust."

The following to General Gardner was written in the interval between my husband's commands in Canada and Shoeburyness:—

"SHERBORNE, DORSET,
"*December* 1863.

"I was delighted to see your handwriting, and had been thinking of sending you a line to wish you many

happy returns of the season, with every blessing which the love of our Heavenly Father can grant. I have not heard a word from anyone connected with the service for a long time. . . . We peg on quietly enough here, gradually finding means of being useful, I hope, to our neighbours. . . . I have an entirely extra-parochial charge from the magistrates, namely, the union, and among the old men there I spend two afternoons a week and a visit on Sunday. Then there is an 'Institution' which was nearly defunct, but which we are trying to raise up again. I have been giving a 'juvenile lecture' there on flies, illustrated by drawings done by myself from the microscope, in aid of the Army Scripture Readers' Society, in hope of bringing it into notice and getting some subscriptions. It was a great success; the party from Sherborne Castle came, and I got a good room full, and have obtained several subscriptions. I am going to give another lecture in aid of the coal fund here. Then we walk, and draw, and carpenter, and so forth, and the day never seems too long.

"I tell you all this rubbish that you may know what to expect if you retire from regimental work. To say that I do not sometimes feel a great longing to be in the midst of it again would not be true, and it often requires one to go on one's knees lest the feeling of desire for the 'pomps and vanities of the world' get the better of one. A visit among my old men in the union helps me through. . . . Then I am shown that our life does not consist in worldly things, and that it is easier to talk about 'being made like unto Christ' than to adopt and make use of that spirit in which the likeness alone

consists. I daresay you find as I do, that you often have to say to yourself, 'How would He have acted?' and so to reverse the feelings which naturally and readily arise in the heart."

In 1863 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in July of 1864, as above stated, he was appointed Commandant of the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness.

To his Nephew, Edward Blackwell, Royal Artillery.

"*May* 1864.

"I am afraid you are disappointed about my destination, but I think I did *right;* and that is the *first* thing. . . . As to the future, I am content to leave that in His hands who has guided me hitherto. And as soldiers we should have a greater anxiety to act worthily of our dear old corps than for any personal feeling."

At the end of 1865 he had a very severe attack of acute sciatica, for which he went for nearly three months to a hydropathic establishment at Matlock, which was of the greatest service to him. Soon after his return home he wrote again to General Gardner:—

"SHOEBURYNESS, *February* 1866.

"I am getting on very well, steadily improving in straightness and strength, and cannot but thankfully contrast it with what it might have been if you had not recommended me to try Matlock. . . . I fancy that —— is more decidedly showing his leaning to ritualism and 'attractive services.' I cannot say that these things

affect my views or feelings with regard to the Church of England, but they make me cling closer to the Church which has been long blessed by the presence of Christ. I heard at Matlock from a Wesleyan that there are about fourteen different sects among them; so that I don't think unity is more prevalent elsewhere, if it is to be determined by uniformity.

"I hope I may see you on Tuesday. There will be the experiment, the really valuable one to my mind, firing against inclined targets. It remains to be seen what chilled shot and shell will do against *inclined* plates, as this is the position in which they would be struck in service in 999 cases out of 1000. I fear a very small inclination would cause a chilled shot to smash in striking."

His letters to General Gardner were very much filled with details of experiments and professional opinions and concerns, from which it was difficult to make a selection, and therefore I have had to omit them.

To Major Fawkes.

"SHOEBURYNESS, *December* 29, 1866.

". . . . Our weekly lectures began in November, and are to go on, we hope, till March, nearly all by officers and sergeants, some of whom give most excellent ones with capital illustrations. We have had one paid lecture by a Mr. Owen, called 'Proverbs of Belial,' a sort of commentary on common sayings by which men justify what they cannot approve, as 'a young man must sow his wild oats,' and many others. It was much approved;

the soldiers were quite delighted with it. One other I paid for myself, a 'Lecture and Chemical Experiments on Alcohol.' It was much liked, and very useful in determining several sergeants and others to give up strong drink in all forms. I am not sure if I told you that I am now a 'teetotaller,' and we have a good many soldiers who have joined the Temperance Society; several saved from ruin, some brought also to Christ when they were free from the dominion of drink. My eldest boy, Kenred, is president of the 'Band of Hope' of the soldiers' children, and I hope, by God's help, to see all my children total abstainers. We have had two royal visits, one from the Duke of Cambridge, who came for the first time to inspect the place, and seemed greatly interested. Then came Prince Arthur, and spent a day here. He is going to be a cadet at Woolwich, so I showed him all he would have to do *here* when he was going through his course of instruction. He was much amused, and the Queen sent me a message through Major Elphinstone to thank me, and sent a photo of Prince Arthur, which was very polite of Her Majesty. [Prince Arthur came again as a cadet for his "course" in May 1868.] We carry on plenty of experiments and fire away lots of powder, about 10,000 rounds during the last eleven months. I hope by degrees we are to get something definite in the shape of ship and siege guns; as to field guns, it is determined to return to muzzle-loading, so that the expenditure of two and a half millions has been, I won't say wasted, but it has required that to convince some people of what, I venture to think, might have been equally well known without it."

"SHOEBURYNESS, *November* 23, 1867.

"We are in great grief at the death of one of my dearest brother officers here, Lieutenant Reeves, who died last month, not here, but while on leave. His loss no one can tell. A more devoted and faithful witness of the Saviour I have seldom met. He was also a most zealous and active man in his military duties. [He belonged to the experimental branch of the School of Gunnery.] There is not a cottage within some miles where he is not known, and he was first in every good word and work in the garrison. It is wonderful to see how such drones as oneself are left, and such active and diligent workers removed. But 'His thoughts are not as our thoughts.' What joy and gain death is to him I need not say. He was always living, as it were, in Christ's presence, and looking for His coming. He is the second officer we have lost this year. The first was the adjutant, Lieutenant Cook, a promising officer and a faithful servant of Christ also.

"It is singular that of four who used so often to meet in my house last year, one, Captain Davidson, is in the East Indies, another, Colonel Desborough, is gone to the West Indies, and two have joined the company above. We felt grieved for the two first when they left, fearing the climate might injure them, and yet the other two have got their summons first.

"I hope a good work is going on among us. The Scripture reader works faithfully and well. The temperance cause fluctuates, but is greatly blessed on the whole.

"I suppose you are deeply interested in passing events. It certainly looks like the 'time of the end,' whatever may be the duration of that 'time.' The Lord's voice sounds on all sides, 'Be ye ready.' Never was a time when it more behoved all men, lay and clerical, both to preach and to *live* Christ, not preach *about* Him, but preach *Himself*, our life."

To General J. Desborough, then in Jamaica :—

"SHOEBURYNESS, *January* 30, 1868.

"We are thankful to hear so good an account of you amidst all the sickness and earthquakes. Your letter interested us all very much. No man can expect to see *why* he is placed in any place so uncongenial until God reveals it by providence or grace. 'Blessed are they that have *not seen*, and yet have believed,' and so it ever is. 'Blessed,' that is *the* point, never mind how or where. The blessing of the Lord brings no sorrow, and it will give abundance of peace if we look to Him and, as the Angels in olden days, '*strive*' to look into His countenance and see His holy will. Who knows for what such a discipline is necessary. He is there with you, and He says 'Abide with me.'

"I should like nothing better than to spend a few months in your part of the world, but for the voyage ; I have a horror of the sea. I should not easily make up my mind to face it. Graydon [Scripture reader] will have told you our news. Christmas is generally rather dull here, the 'long course' and others being away. All are now returned and at work again. We miss our helpers in the Sunday School, and on Sunday evening

and at prayer meetings. All these are going on satisfactorily. I had to take the Sunday evening twice, as Graydon was alone and worked very hard. It is a very pleasant meeting. The tea-room goes on capitally, and the attendance very good. . . . . If these retire I shall be left *first* on the list and be thinking of packing up very soon. What our future will be I cannot say. Curiously enough, I have never since I left the R. M. A. completed my term anywhere that I have been sent to; if I stay here till the summer it will be four years, the longest time that I have had anywhere since then."

The following extract speaks for itself. The happy and useful time at Shoeburyness was now at an end:—

"SHOEBURYNESS, *August* 26, 1868.

"We are busy packing up, and expect to clear out on October 1st, on which day I hand over the command to Colonel Elwyn. I feel very queer at coming to the end of my connection with soldiers, having always been so deeply interested in them. It is a reminder that all things have an end, except 'that which remaineth,' the hope of the life to come."

CHAPTER III.

1868–1877.

THEN began what one may call the last chapter of his life, the nine years of his connection with *civilian* more than with *military* life. He took with him into all his labours his unfailing earnestness of purpose, and he worked with the same energy in an immense variety of interests, as he had done when his sphere of action was more limited.

He was during this time on the Council of the Society of Arts, and was for three years its Chairman. His sound judgment, self-denying energy, and promptness in action, made him an invaluable helper in any work, or on any committee.

The non-professional objects which took up his special time and interest were, the temperance cause—both the National Temperance League and the Church of England Temperance Society,—the Army Scripture Readers' Society, the British Nursing Association, Miss Robinson's work and the Portsmouth Institute, the Oxford Military College, and the National Penny Bank, beside endless more subjects that called for his occasional attention.

We went to Clapham, intending to spend only a few

months, but ended by staying seven years. Then in September 1875 we moved to the last home we occupied together, in West Cromwell Road, Kensington.

The subject of temperance had been taken up by General Wilmot very warmly, but only during the last few years of his life, as it was not until 1865 (the year after we went to Shoeburyness) that he gave the subject any special thought or attention. He then signed the total abstinence pledge, in order to form a temperance society among the soldiers. After that, he went into the subject very thoroughly, considering and investigating it in all its phases, as a moral, social, and medical question; and the more he did so the more he became satisfied of its importance, and of the duty of everyone to use his individual influence to check an evil so fearfully wide-spread in its temptations, and so terrible in its results.

The following letters give an idea—although a very inadequate one—of this period of his life. He was so undemonstrative that only those working with him could form an opinion as to the amount and value of his many-sided work. He was so unselfish that much credit which was his due was allowed to pass to others without complaint; to him the success of his *work*, not his own aggrandizement, was the ruling motive, and he dearly loved to say for any younger coadjutor a word of commendation. His nature was singularly free from a desire to make his work a stepping-stone for his own advancement.

To General Gardner.

"CLAPHAM, *October* 23, 1868.

"Here we are located for the present, having left Shoebury on the 1st. . . .

"We miss the fresh air, light, and liberty of Shoebury, but these are things which we learn to do without. It is a great thing for us having Lawrence within ten minutes' walk, and it gives the coming here the feeling of coming among friends, just such as I had when you so kindly received me on going to Shoebury; it made all the difference.

". . . . I think the best thing is to set to work at anything nearest at hand, being satisfied that there is plenty to be done, and then if the Lord points out any employment and calls me to it, I can go. In the mean time it is best to be found doing something in His vineyard 'when He appeareth,' whenever that may be.

"I have been hunting up the working men's institute and kindred things. Of the former it is the old story; the working man does not use it, but the well-to-do shopkeepers and such like use it as a reading-room. I am more and more convinced that nothing but the personal work of Scripture readers, Bible women, and individual Christians can do anything to reach the enormous mass of sin and misery around such a city as this, and I would sooner help to keep half a dozen such workers than build a dozen churches. I saw the Duke last week, and he spoke very strongly and kindly about the work at Shoebury as left by me; so I am thankful

that, with all his prejudice against many things, he should feel that the effect is satisfactory. . . . I have already been put on the working committees of three societies—the Army Scripture Readers' Society* and Naval and Military Bible Society, and one almost entirely set on foot by General and Mrs. Lawrence, the British Nursing Association, to form a home and train nurses for private families,—for district nurses to the poor, or hospitals."

"*November* 1870.

"We are beginning the winter work here now. Our 'Relief Association' meets every Monday evening; on Wednesdays I have a class of poor boys; I am going to give an address to parents afterwards; and on Fridays my Bible class to men. This has gone on all the summer, which is unusual, and I hope a proof of their pleasure in it.

"We are to have a meeting on Thursday of some of the Committee of the Temperance League, and some officers of the Army and Navy to try and organize some systematic connection of naval and military men in forts and garrisons, and form a centre of communication with them in all parts of the world. I think it will be the means of helping many and preventing their falling back.

"My convictions on the subject increase with inquiry, and with seeing the effect of abstinence and the contrary.

". . . . This Russian threatening ought to make our

* The Army Scripture Readers' Society published a short memorial of General Wilmot, for distribution among their readers and others.

authorities stir themselves, and perhaps they are doing so, though no signs appear, but unpreparedness in men and stores. . . . I wonder how this Russian affair will affect the general progress of events. It is hardly possible to suppose that the German war is an isolated act in the great work of change, so one cannot but look out for other signs of these very eventful times. Palestine and the East come before one's mind at every fresh indication of troublous times, and the hope that the Lord may remember His people according to His Word."

"*February* 6, 1871.

". . . . Strange's lecture went off very well indeed, though I dare say any 'authorities' would feel rather sore. I made a few remarks in favour of garrison artillery, and the need of instruction generally to the corps. . . . None of the authorities, and few in the corps, are alive to our need of instruction. All call out for augmentation, few for thorough training. If what we had was thoroughly efficient, we should at once double our strength.

"Well, it is no affair of mine now, and if I were *in* it all I should perhaps be even more drawn away from the only thing really worth seeking than I am."

The following letter to General Gardner will have its interest to my children, as it records their father's first sight of that house in which five years later he was to pass his last days:—

"CLAPHAM, *March* 16, 1872.

"I have just come back from a day in the country,

and a most charming walk over a small estate near Chertsey, to which I have been with my friend Lawrence, and which I am sorry to think he is very likely to purchase, and so leave here. Most of it is as wild as Scotland, though not so hilly; on the crest of one of the Chobham ridges, a capital house, facing south, only about an hour from London too. I have enjoyed it thoroughly. Ah, well, I don't suppose I shall ever have anything to do with the country, though I am quite happy if I can only poke about in it, and peer into all the odd holes, trees, or banks."

In this same letter he alludes for the first time to Miss Robinson and the work which for the next few years took up so much of his time and interest.

"I send you a little book ('Active Service') which will interest you. I know Miss Robinson well; she has long resisted any such notice of her work, but has been persuaded by a friend now, in hopes of raising funds for a Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth. Send it to any of your neighbours who you think will be interested. We had a most refreshing meeting of the Army Prayer Union last Saturday, 9th; very full, but I do not know how many. It is the first time that the Navy have joined it. It was a fine sight to see so many *young* men there."

"*January* 3, 1873.

"I have just received the paper containing the views of the Council of the Church Association as to the future. It does not appear to me very encouraging. At the same time one feels more and more driven to the

conclusion that it is to the personal witness of each individual Christian we must look for keeping up the true leaven of the Gospel in the land."

"*May* 1873.

"On Monday I started on behalf of the 'Army Scripture Readers' Society' to act as a deputation at meetings at Burton-on-Trent, Coventry, and Stratford. We are anxious to get a 'reader' at each of the new depôt centres, and to make the principal towns contribute. Warwick is a new one, and for that one I went.

". . . . I spent the afternoon at Stratford, and made the usual pilgrimage to Shakespeare's house, &c. From Coventry I got over for an hour to Berkeswell, and saw old friends among the villagers, the churchyard and other old haunts, though I could not face going in sight of the old Hall. How lovely the country looked, the oaks and beeches just bursting out into young leaf. What a mercy to feel that we have an 'abiding' inheritance 'eternal in the heavens.' Warwick Castle looked magnificent. I was very near not going, for just as I was starting I got such a sudden twinge of lumbago that I only managed to get to the station in great pain. However, I put up with it rather than break my engagement, and by the second day was tolerably easy.

". . . . I am hooked into another committee on the 'advanced class' (Royal Artillery), of which I am heartily sick, for I have sat on five of these sort of educational committees, including the Royal Commission for Education in the Army, occupying days and days without even the satisfaction of seeing our recommendations carried out."

"*October* 1873.

"We have all returned from our summer jaunts much refreshed. Our boys had a most successful tour in Normandy, saw a good deal, and had plenty of walking. Bertha with her three youngest sisters spent five weeks in a most primitive style of farm-house near Bexhill; they came back thoroughly well and '*brown*.' It was the first occasion for many years on which my wife and I had been able to go off together and enjoy being alone! I am afraid we felt all the 'selfishness' of the honeymoon life of twenty-two years before. All we could console ourselves with for our selfishness was the reflection that it was an infinite mercy that we *could* so enjoy it, and that not only life, but its freshness of enjoyment in each other, was still to so great a degree our portion in spite of cares and temptations. I suppose we ought to adopt the more common word 'trials,' but it does not so forcibly convey to my mind the true intention of all providential dispensations. The 'abiding city,' and the 'blessed hope,' and the 'glorious appearing' may well cheer and strengthen His people under all circumstances. But I was going to tell you what we had been doing. We went straight to my brother the Admiral, who has located himself in a sort of large cottage-like villa near Totnes, on the high ground about a mile out of the town; a capital garden, paddock, and first-rate pony, cocks, hens, pigs, &c., and a flagstaff of course. We drove about the country, and sometimes my wife rode the pony, and we walked for miles, visiting old castles and beautiful views. We did enjoy it heartily. After leaving Totnes we went for a few days to Peter

Maclean at Wimborne, and while there drove over for the day to Christchurch to see Maberly—found the dear old fellow much as usual."

"*January* 16, 1874.

"Knowing your kind interest in what concerns me, I send a copy of a letter received from Colonel Middleton, which I doubt not you will read with as much astonishment as I did:—

"'It gives me much pleasure to inform you that H.R.H. has been pleased to confer upon you the "good service pension" vacated by poor Taylor's death. I hope you will consider this a New Year's gift. Your long and valuable service to the corps quite deserves this recognition. Small as it is, I hope it will please you as much to receive this intimation as it does me to communicate it.'

"As I said, my astonishment was indeed great, and I cannot account for such an expression of goodwill; but the hearts of men are in the Lord's hand, He disposeth them according to His good pleasure.

"I can honestly say that as I have never sought for anything for myself, knowing how full the corps is of able and qualified men, so also I have never expected anything, and it has come with complete unexpectedness, not the less welcome because it comes as a help from the Lord, as expenses are increasing."

"*January* 1875.

"Bright's letter is the talk just now. I cannot see the ground for all the abuse heaped on it by the 'Times' and other papers. It seems to me to be unpleasantly

true in many respects, and if we are wise we shall consider it well. I confess I feel more inclined to consider the result of disestablishment than to have any hope in schemes for eventually preventing it. There is a marvellous turmoil in human affairs just now—the antagonism of evil and good and the changes in men's minds so great as to what is evil or good politically."

The following two letters allude to a professional committee, of which he was president, which carried out experiments at Okehampton. He enjoyed the work greatly.

"ATHENÆUM CLUB, *July* 15, 1875.

"The committee of which I am president has persuaded the War Office and Horse Guards that it is very important to have a thorough test of all the materials for field service, which we have been working at for some time. There was a demur at first, but it is now agreed, and we hope everything will be ready by August 1. Noble and Wray examined the ground, and we decided to make Okehampton our headquarters, as there is famous ground on the northern side of Dartmoor for the purpose. A battery of Horse Artillery from Exeter and one of Field Artillery from Devonport will be put at our disposal, and we expect to be out about a month. You will of course imagine the nature of the tests—travelling, firing, and so forth, all sorts of ranges, and as varied circumstances as we can devise, so as to get a thorough test of everything. Radcliffe was very friendly about it, and has come into all the views which I have put forward to make it complete."

"OKEHAMPTON, *August* 28.

"A month has slipped away and I have not written to you. We are out daily from 9.30 till 6, so I really have very little time to myself. It is quite necessary for us all to work pretty hard to get things ready, as the distances are considerable, the hills very rough and boggy, and the targets uncommonly heavy. A waggon can only take four at a time, with an occasional upset and several breakdowns. We had all six horses in a bog on one occasion, and had to pull them out by force. I hope that the result will be useful to the Army generally, though they will not inform *you* of anything you did not know before. An officer came from London to arrange 'dummies,' and I sent for case shot, and we fire at separate formations at 100, 400, 600, and 1000 yards. They say if infantry get to 400 yards the gun must be taken if not supported, so we shall see what we can do in the time required for men to 'rush in' from 400 yards. It is always unsatisfactory, as we cannot at all represent the elements of war. We are going to try some new time fuzes for 4000 yards shrapnel, four channels, and arranged for intervals of time one-half of those in the present fuze. The two batteries here had no notion of the use and value of shrapnel. We shall bring out very prominently the necessity of improved artillery instruction. If they would be persuaded to send batteries to such places as this, with sound instruction as to how to use their ammunition, we might hope for a change. The men as well as the officers have worked very hard and very well. The firing has very satisfactorily shown the excellence of the *guns*, and ought to

give the men confidence in their weapon. If, however, they can make us a better one, so much the better. The carriages have stood well. The Horse Artillery have had some rapid work over very bad ground, boulders and bogs. Once only was the gun upset, the men thrown off, but the gun righted itself on the next boulder. The camp is beautifully situated 600 feet above the town; the air of the moor is most refreshing, and I shall be sorry to lose it."

"78, WEST CROMWELL ROAD,
"*October* 30, 1875.

"What a contrast your country is to the view out of our windows—the opposite houses only in course of being built, and the road blocked up with mud, brick piles, and holes.

"We are quietly settled, as if we had been here all our lives. I am stumbling on friends who live near enough to be neighbours, and hope to have as many such as we can want. We suggested to one old friend, General Alexander, to get up a weekly Bible reading, and we got ten together yesterday at a sort of preliminary meeting. We are 'spreading our connection' for the National Penny Bank; two more open next week, and we hope to have fourteen or fifteen before long in all parts of London. We opened the first in Edgware Road on October 9, and in one week took 275*l.* in 942 deposits. They have put me again on the Council of the United Service Institution, which I like, as it keeps one in connection with what is going on in the service. My time is up as chairman of the Society of Arts, so I hope to get more time for other things."

"ATHENÆUM CLUB,
"*December* 7, 1875.

"I hoped to get more time to myself on coming more into London and giving up the chairmanship of the Society of Arts. But somehow I find that other things come up, and one gets drawn into them. The National Penny Bank is one of those things that I did not reckon on having anything to do with, but find that I am expected to help. It is going on very well indeed. Some delay and hindrance arises from the want of suitable men to act as collectors. I have found four or five non-commissioned officers of the R.A., and some do well enough, but most want activity and energy for the work. We are getting into schools and workshops, so that a collector has not only to receive in his own bank-room in the evening, but to occupy the forenoon in going to the foremen and teachers who have collected.

"The new Military College is looking up. We have secured premises near Oxford, at Cowley.

"You will have seen the new organization for R.A. It seems to involve a very large increase in the number of batteries, and our majors are already reviving under the hope that they may after all some day be generals. Mr. Reed and the naval controversies are very interesting. There seems to be a very general stir in the interest of these things, as if it were a time of expectation and preparation. The Suez affair is most interesting coming at this time, when so many other 'signs of the times' are being manifested. Egypt's place in the time of the end has always seemed to me very remarkable, as one could not see how such a nation

could take the place spoken of. But the introduction of English interests and the inevitable hold that it must give us in those parts, taken together with our position in India and the East, seems to point us out as the king of the south in Daniel's prophecy, that shall be so closely connected with the return and establishment of God's ancient people. . . .

"I fancy that, with all the boasted education of the present day, we *thought* more as young men of that age than is done now. It is all now *doing* this and that, but they do not seem to think out anything."

"*Easter Monday*, 1876.

"Holiday folk have had a dry Easter Monday, if not a very bright one, and the 'Bank Holiday' has become so well settled as an institution, that the shops are universally closed. It is an excellent move I think, but one would be glad if it helped more to make the Sunday what it is intended to be. We heard some good preaching on Good Friday and Sunday, but were struck with the prominence given to arguments against scepticism. I suppose it must be more common than we are aware of, but it sounds strange to hear elaborate arguments to prove the truth of the Bible. . . . While we are fidgetting about soldiers, &c., how many grand schemes are gradually opening up. Mission work to Central Africa brings many thoughts before us. The effect of opening up such a fertile country, especially if an outlet can be made towards Egypt, must be marvellous. I occasionally see very interesting letters from Charlie Gordon to his brother. His pluck and energy are

wonderful, especially as so many of his helpers have been knocked down by disease. Then the Yankee proposition to connect the Caspian and the Black Seas, and to restore fertility to that vast area, now so desolate, is very interesting.

"Men appear to be afraid of nothing in these days, when science and money have combined to make great and useful undertakings possible. It makes one long to *see* what may be effected in the course of the next fifty years. England's position is gradually being changed, I suppose, as other nations become possessed of wealth and mechanical skill. But the sea is our great stand-by. Our children must be prepared to see things in a different light to what we are accustomed to, and to act accordingly. How this strikes one when one reads the lives of statesmen and others who flourished in our early days! Lord Palmerston, for instance; it seems almost impossible that the principles and methods of his day could be possible now. There is some danger perhaps of our being too amiable, and giving other nations credit for principles which actuate ourselves. Sometimes the world seems to go on very slowly, but in truth perhaps it is the very rapidity with which events have followed one another in late years that makes us impatient to see the *end* of every undertaking."

"*April* 29, 1876.

"So you are going to Rome. The very idea reconciles one to almost anything in the way of delayed return home. I shall never see it now, and in not doing so I lose one of the glorious 'sensations' of this mortal life.

How you will all revel in it! M——'s account of Russia is very interesting, and agrees in the main with what one hears from other quarters. The elements of discord and revolution are evidently very abundant; but there is nothing in this beyond what is common to all nations at certain periods of their history. It strikes one as singular that all general changes are brought about with some violence; so one almost begins to regard it like a thunderstorm—very alarming and terrible in its effects, but wonderfully invigorating in its results to those that escape its fury."

"WEST CROMWELL ROAD, *New Year's Day*,
"*Monday, January* 1, 1877.

"Yours of 28th December was awaiting me on our return from Fox Hills on Saturday 30th. I must send a line to wish you all a happy New Year, that it may please our Father to give you such things richly to enjoy in His name as will help you forward in the race set before you. While one cannot but be humiliated at the little one has done for Him, we may also hope in His sure word and prepare for the campaign of another year."

But his "campaign of another year" was to be of a sort we little anticipated. His active work was done.

He was far from well when this letter was written, but we had none of us the least idea of the fatal disease which was the cause of it. He struggled on when really quite unfit for work; the very last day he was out, on 26th January, he went to a Committee at the Home

of the British Nursing Association, and afterwards met me at the Bible Reading at Dr. White's.

His last Christmas was spent at Fox Hills with Sir Arthur Lawrence, and the last time we were at church together was at Lyne Church on Christmas Day.

An operation was performed on February 16, which prolonged life for a time, but could not cure.

What he was during that last illness his older children well remember—his unselfish cheerfulness, his never-failing patience and courage, how ever ready he was to enter into the interests and concerns of others, ever ready for conversation on any subject, through all his trying suffering; and this continued to the very last. The thankfulness of his spirit was very remarkable. When I was one day writing a message for him to a friend, he said, "Tell him I want him to pray for me, not so much that my suffering may be alleviated, but that I may rejoice in God's will; not acquiesce only, but rejoice in it," and this I felt indeed was the keynote of his life, at that time especially. But a long time ago I remember his once repeating that verse in Thessalonians, "In everything give thanks," adding, "In *everything*, let us remember, not only for our mercies."

On the 1st April he came down stairs again, and during three or four months he used to spend some hours of every day in his arm-chair in the drawing-room, always pleased to see his old friends, many of whom came to see him; and I think they will not easily forget their last visits to him there.

On July 27th I went down with him alone to Fox

Hills, driving down in an invalid carriage with the nurse. And so, though we did not know it, he made his *last* journey, and came to end his days under my brother-in-law's, Arthur Lawrence's, roof—his friend for so many years. It seemed a fitting end to an *uninterrupted* friendship of forty years. I think it was a pleasure to Sir Arthur to feel that he had so greatly ministered to his dear friend's comfort in those last weeks, for he had there all that thoughtful attention and loving care could give him. He greatly enjoyed the view from the terrace; and with his life-long great love of nature, the trees, and especially the birds, were always a source of interest to him.

He generally managed, in spite of his weakness and suffering, to get down stairs by 11 o'clock, and he liked to join us in reading the Bible together. We were reading the Psalms most of that time, and the psalms of praise he especially enjoyed.

We went on thus till the end of September, and though we could not but know that his strength was gradually failing, yet I think his wonderful "pluck," and determination to keep up, prevented our seeing how weak he really was. On Saturday the 29th the house was empty for the first time since we had been at Fox Hills,—friends all dispersed, George and Fred Lawrence gone back to Eton; he and I were alone with Sir Arthur. He seemed quite as well as usual, talked cheerfully with us on many subjects, and went up stairs to bed at his usual time.

The next morning, Sunday, September 30th, about 7 o'clock, he got out of bed, and as he was getting in again he suddenly fainted, and never *rallied*. And thus,

peacefully and gently, was that blessed spirit called away to his rest. So ended a life which seems well described in the text which we have chosen for his gravestone in Lyne churchyard:—

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor."—S. John xii. 26.

And this blessed hope is ever my greatest help in the weary loneliness of life without him.

* * * * * *

The narrative may fitly conclude with words from another pen, which appeared in the 'Temperance Record' soon after his death:—

"The grave has once more been opened, and has received the loved and honoured remains of one of the warmest and steadiest friends of the cause of temperance, as he was of every effort which tended to remove suffering, and to replace vice by virtue, and to quicken into holiness of life the sunken children of our race. Major-General F. M. Eardley-Wilmot, whose erect military figure, with genial and frank countenance, has so often brought life and sunshine with its hearty sympathies into our midst, will be seen with us no more.

"It forms no part of our duty to deal with the military career of our departed friend; this will be better done by a military pen. Major-General Wilmot was pre-eminently a soldier, but he was not the less a follower of the Prince of Peace, ever ready to undertake any duty, or to make any sacrifice, if thereby he could render aid or give encouragement to a weak or erring brother.

To see his duty was with him only the necessity which impelled him to do it; hence, when in command—now about fifteen years ago—at Shoeburyness, he gave permission to one of our friends—since also departed—to address the men under his charge, himself countenancing the meeting by his presence. His quick and appreciative intellect saw the importance it was to the soldier that he should abstain from intoxicating drink, and he at once led the way, from that moment becoming a total abstainer, that the force of his example might tell, as it undoubtedly has largely done, not only upon the men of his own corps, but throughout the British Army. To him it mattered not that fashion and custom both alike urge their votaries to share in the wine cup; he could take his place whenever his high social position called upon him so to do in their midst without for a moment yielding his principles. His self-abnegation was such that he felt no burden to lay upon him by adopting a course which, we fear, would be a heavy weight to many; but so great was his modesty, and so much did he shrink from anything approaching to public applause, that it was with some little difficulty he was induced to appear upon the platform, and probably nothing but his love for the Army would have overcome his scruples. He was always a welcome speaker, so deep and earnest were his words at the meetings convened by the National Temperance League to expound and advocate total abstinence to soldiers. His was not the rhetoric of the schools, but the eloquence which comes of a full heart.

"As President of the Council of the Society of Arts,

he was enabled, at the suggestion of the National Temperance League, to confer a most important obligation upon the advocates of total abstinence, and upon all who feel that the sacred cause of temperance rests upon the firmest scientific basis, by arranging for the delivery, by Dr. Richardson, under the auspices of that society, of the now well-known Cantor Lectures on Alcohol.

"The late General took a profound interest in every effort to elevate the character and reach the heart of the soldier, but his sympathies were in no wise restricted to the wearers of uniforms; the Training Institute for Nurses owed much to his unwearied and devoted labours; and the writer was much struck some time since by discovering him to be the conductor of a large and flourishing Band of Hope, and displaying not so much military strictness as gentle sympathy with the children.

"For many past months the gallant General had been a great sufferer from a most painful and wearying disease that refused to yield to the skill and kindness by which he was attended; but his patience and resignation were most complete, his one spirit throughout having been that of thanksgiving—a beautiful testimony to us all of what can be done through Christ, who strengthens us. Happily, the end was sudden, and the loved one passed away, without speech or motion, into perfect peace. One very dear to him wrote a day or two after the closing scene, informing us, 'There is a look of perfect peace on his face as he lies in his coffin, as if the light from a happier land had touched it. All the lines and furrows made by unceasing pain have been cleared away,

and he lies like a warrior taking his rest.' The body was consigned to the grave on Saturday last, the 6th October, on which morning—bright, clear, and cheery as a spring day—a number of friends assembled at Fox Hills, near Chertsey, the residence of Sir Arthur Lawrence, K.C.B., where the General had been staying for some time. When the coffin was brought down and placed for a few moments in the hall, we read the simple inscription,

FREDERICK MAROW EARDLEY-WILMOT,
Major-General Royal Artillery,
Born 29th May, 1812,
Died 30th September, 1877.

and the touching reflection arose that, had he lived but two days more, that inscription would not have been correct, as the *Gazette* of Tuesday, 2nd October, announced his promotion to Lieut.-General. The coffin having been placed in a hearse, which had no feathers or adornment of any kind, the members of his family and his friends formed a long procession, without any of the outward trappings of woe, but in stern simplicity and with full hearts followed the hearse on foot, as it wound its way through the fir woods and the fern, now becoming golden, amongst which squirrels were playing and birds and insects flitting, to the little church of Lyne, where the service was read by his brother-in-law, the Rev. J. Abbott, assisted by a brother of the deceased. As we stood in a wide circle around the open grave in that pleasant rustic churchyard the scene was most impressive, and, in close sympathy with the character and known feelings of the departed, here was no ostentation, nothing to attract a passer-by, unless it be the unusual

number of persons attending. The scene around was full of quiet beauty—a sermon in itself—the trees just commencing to take on the rich golden-brown tint of autumn; beneath our feet the scabious and other wild flowers mingling with the grass, while above the sun was pouring down a rich flood of light and heat over the landscape. Now and again some bird twittering was, with the voice of the clergyman, the only sound which broke the silence, until the rattle of earth upon the coffin told us that the last moment had come; then the children of the dead, together with other near relatives, closed around to take a last lingering gaze into the grave, and, as one after another came up to do the same, might be seen the tear of warm affection glistening in the eye or rolling upon the cheek of grey-headed and bronzed soldiers, who had gathered here to take a long farewell of him they loved so well. Brother officers had come from considerable distances thus to testify their esteem, and a few civilians, to whom he had endeared himself by the excellency of his character and his gentleness of spirit, mingled their tears as they slowly departed with heavy hearts from the side of the grave.

"Amidst those who attended the funeral besides General Sir Arthur J. Lawrence, K.C.B., and his two sons, were Sir John Eardley-Wilmot, M.P., the Rev. E. R. Eardley-Wilmot, M.A., Chester Eardley-Wilmot, Esq., Charles Eardley-Wilmot, Esq., brothers of the deceased, also his nephews, Major Blackwell, R.A., and Trevor, Hungerford, Arthur, Herbert, and Cecil Eardley-Wilmot, Lieutenant-General Sir J. M. Adye, K.C.B., R.A., General Copeland Crawford, R.A., Major-General

S. E. Gordon, C.B., R.A., Major-General Desborough, C.B., R.A., Colonel Fisher, R.A., Colonel Oldfield, R.A., Major W. Elliott, Captain Walkey, R.A., Captain O'Callaghan, R.A., Lieutenant L. Fawkes, R.A., Lieutenant E. Hutton, 60th Regiment; and Messrs. T. B. Smithies, Robert Rae, secretary, and W. R. Selway, vice-chairman, attended as a deputation from the National Temperance League, with which the late General had for many years been closely identified."

APPENDIX.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

AMONG the many letters received at that time full of kind sympathy for us and mourning for him, I shall only select a few which contain some allusion to past remembrance of him.

From General R. Alexander to Mrs. Hammond.

"6, MARLOES ROAD,
"*October* 3, 1877.

". . . . I have sometimes reminded your beloved brother-in-law of the little incident of our first meeting at the Cape. I was riding an unruly horse, that would not go over a very narrow bridge. He kindly came up to me, spoke a few words of courtesy, and putting his horse by the side of mine conducted me quietly to where I would go. In after time how often has he helped others in the narrow way and over the straight bridge from time to eternity!

"What holy enjoyment have I had while sitting by his side as he was present to help us onward and upward in our Bible readings; and again, how gratefully can I look back to the privilege of admission to his sick room, where, with the given grace of prayer and supplication, we realized (Mal. iii. 16), 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it;' and looking forward to (Heb. x. 37), 'He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.'"

From Miss A. Scrivens.

"CLAPHAM COMMON,
"*October* 11.

". . . . And now very frequently in my walks I recall his warm greeting if I met him, and how we could not part until I had asked him about various works of which I loved to hear him tell; and then I would go on my way cheered with the thought of his devoted Christian life. He will ever be one of the bright spots in my memory. We are thankful we knew him, and that he prepared our minds by his 'insensible influence' to take up the temperance cause, which to this day benefits ourselves and enables us to make some little efforts against the evil that floods society. And when I recall his varied good works, what a gap seems to be left by his departure! May God mercifully raise up others to walk in his steps, perhaps some the fruit of his own labours. 'His fruit will remain.' May his own family share in rich honour and happiness. 'The just man walketh in his integrity, his children are blessed after him.'

"I am thankful for the photograph, which recalls the feelings of affectionate admiration with which I always looked upon his dignified presence."

From Mr. H. S. Thornton to Sir Arthur Lawrence.

"BATTERSEA RISE,
"*October* 4.

". . . . We feel it the more because Mrs. Thornton and myself had seen General Wilmot just before he became your guest. We shall never forget that visit. It was indeed an edifying sight. He was altered and looked very ill, but he had his old, and to us well-known pleasant look. He told us at once that his medical man said there was no hope of recovery, that at first he was shocked at the decided announcement, but he soon became quite reconciled, and that he afterwards attained a still happier state and felt thankful and cheerful at the prospect. We asked if he suffered much, and he said he did, and especially

at night—he dreaded the nights. Ought we to wish that one so suffering, and so fit to go, should be kept any longer here? It is indeed a mysterious dispensation, for few men were more occupied in doing good to his fellow-creatures, and few by their position and attractive qualities were more fitted to do so."

From General Burrows.

"BLACKHEATH, *October* 9, 1877.

". . . . I claim him who has been taken from us as one of my oldest friends. When I first joined the R.A. it was he to whom I most looked up, as not only a decidedly religious man, giving up the world in its most attractive form, and in which he was calculated to shine among its brightest ornaments, but likewise as one who set an example in the duty way, proving himself to be a first-rate officer. This latter point was one which greatly concerned the band of young Christians at that time in the regiment, and I believe the first who had appeared as decidedly religious men for a long period. All eyes were upon us, ready at once to blame our religion if we fell short in military duty. Wilmot was then in the Horse Artillery and had just given up his hunting, to the astonishment of his old friends, who looked upon him as foremost in the hunting-field. I remember well how we all used to meet at the weekly Bible readings in the barracks, in turns in our different rooms, and also at the early morning Sunday School at the huts. At this time, so long ago, these occupations were indeed despised by the officers. Wilmot, therefore, with his high and noble bearing, and acknowledged skill in what men think most of, was indeed a help to our little company."

From Miss M. Reeves.

"DUBLIN, *October* 12.

". . . . I don't like to trouble you with writing much, but one word of sympathy I must send. No one knows better than we do what you have lost—the best, noblest, most loveable

man I almost ever met. You don't know how much Rose and I loved him, and how much we feel it, he was so gentle and so kind to us; but we must think of the 'joy of His Lord' that he has entered into."

From Miss Carberry.

"ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL,
"*October* 2.

"How little I thought that day I was at Fox Hills that I should never see your dear husband again. I shall never lose the remembrance of that visit, nor of his great patience, his thoughtfulness for others, above all his loving trust in his Saviour. He has fought a good fight; may God give us grace to follow his bright example. To me and to all connected with the B. N. Association he is almost an irreparable loss; but who shall say what the loss is to you and to his children!"

From the Hon. Edward Stanhope.

"I am requested by my colleagues on the Committee of the National Penny Bank to offer to you an expression of our sympathy with you in the grievous loss which you have sustained. I should hardly have ventured to intrude so soon upon you in a time of such affliction if we were not anxious to prevent your supposing that we also do not deeply regret and mourn his loss. As a colleague of exceptional ability and usefulness, and as a friend to many of us, we shall not easily forget his memory."

From J. C. Woollacott, Esq.

"CRAIG'S COURT.

". . . . One of the excellent of the earth is gone home to rest for evermore in the arms of Jesus, and he left his mark among men. Such a man as he was we can ill afford to lose, and we cannot but mourn his absence from us. His brother officers who knew him best not only valued but loved him, and in my long acquaintance I always found the dear General the same upright, intelligent, and devoted Christian. By the

grace of God he was what he was, and now he realizes the crowning of that grace with glory."

From Captain Orde Browne, late R.A., written during General Wilmot's illness.

"*May* 12, 1877.

"I suppose I am one of a good many who have been very anxious about your husband's illness, but who did not like to trouble you, and have heard of him from others. My only object in writing is to express sympathy. I think one is glad to think that others feel with us and appreciate those we love, and you are not at all likely to know *how much* this is the case with you. I can say of myself that I had the highest opinion of your husband as a Christian man, and had always heard worldly men speak of him with a confidence and respect which I thought unquestionably deserved, but still rather surprised me, because I hardly knew how they had the opportunity of forming such an exceptional judgment, for I never heard *anyone* else spoken of in the same way. I got to know more of him from dear Conway Reeves and his sisters. But I never really appreciated him till I got shut up the greater part of one day in the train with him, when he told me, among other things, of his former long illness, and the wonderful peace and joy God had given him in it. I can say I hardly know anything that was more real help to one. One bit of the *reality* of the presence and power and love of the Lord is worth all the abstract teaching one gets. There was not much in it to tell, but it came out so quietly and with such reality that it had wonderful power. I dare say many like myself have thought and prayed about your husband, much more than you have any idea of. I trust the Lord may yet raise him up beyond your hopes or expectations; but you must not think for a moment that his value and usefulness here depend on his getting about as he used to do."

The following are the letters from friends written at my request:—

From the Rev. Edward Eardley-Wilmot.

"WADINGHAM RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE, 1879.

". . . . In our early lives as boys Frederick and I were much separated; therefore I do not know what I can say in connection with it, except that my remembrance of him as a boy is of one who was noble, manly, generous, and high principled. During six of the most eventful years of our early lives I was in India. It was after that, in 1836, when I was again in England, that we each of us, I hope, had our hearts turned to God. Of him, I have ever remembered the earnestness with which his awakened mind sought the truth. I well remember that he used to sit up nearly whole nights searching the Scriptures, and we all know the earnestness and tenacity with which he held fast the truth when he had found it. In everything he far outstripped me, and all the fine traits of his natural character gave immense force to that which he attained under grace, when all were laid upon the altar of his God and Saviour and sanctified to His service.

"There can be no doubt that to his strong conception of duty as a Christian he willingly sacrificed his professional prospect; for I think this only can account for one so exceptionally efficient in all his professional qualifications being so slighted and overlooked."

From Mrs. Blackwell.

". . . . There was nothing particular to mark the childhood of any of my brothers; we all went to school early, when my father married again. Then dear Frederick got his commission, and I was married. He was all kindness and love to me and my children, riding over to Ampney from Weedon (about fifty miles) to spend Christmas Day with me, and doing a thousand little loving things that one loves to dwell upon, but which will not bear writing about. He came to me when my husband died, and was all in all to me. Then he went to the Cape and wrote frequently, but I have none of his letters.

"He came to England for a time at the half-period of his stay at the Cape, and bound my children to him for ever. You see in all these remembrances that my heart clings to him. There is nothing especial to write about; it was one universal love for us all. He was always very reserved, and one knew but little of his inner life, and could only see the noble, generous spirit and high principle."

From Mrs. Abbott.

"WRENTHAM RECTORY,
"*March* 1879.

". . . . I was only thirteen when dear Frederick got his commission, and only saw him on his visits home from time to time. I remember his becoming decidedly religious, and how anxious he was to do good to all around him. I remember a book he gave me when a girl, and although reserved in speaking, he impressed me with a sense of his devotion and piety. He had always been a most kind elder brother, and his coming home was looked forward to with delight. He had a great dislike to any sort of gossip and idle talk, and I used to say that in his absence the sight of his picture was sufficient to check one when beginning to discuss or judge one's neighbours. If he saw anything to reprove, he did it kindly and faithfully. I cannot say how many times I have heard my mother express the great comfort he was to *her*. I should say he was unusually respected by those who thought he went too far in religious opinions. I remember his visiting the sick when with us at Berkeswell, and that he invited myself and Eliza to read with him. I always felt how deep were his sympathies, and how much he thought and felt, though reserved in speaking."

From General Sir Arthur J. Lawrence

"FOX HILLS, CHERTSEY,
"*March* 13, 1879.

"You are aware how very few of dear Frederick's letters I

preserved, little anticipating that he would be taken before me. I can therefore only give you my earliest impressions of him, dating from our first meeting in Sir Henry Lefroy's rooms at Woolwich on 31st October, 1838. Referring to one of these occasions when I met with a few officers of Artillery and Engineers to read the Scriptures, I find recorded, years afterwards, that 'I first met Frederick Wilmot, who was to exercise the greatest influence over me that man ever did.' It was a turning-point in my life's history, when I was vacillating between the world and the Saviour, and no one helped me so much as he did to decide for Christ. With him I read the Scriptures, and from him learnt more of the value of prayer, and from the year 1838–39 in great measure shaped my course by his advice. My admiration of his character became simply unbounded. And yet it was not altogether love at first sight, though I greatly admired his decision from the first, and was not insensible to his manly beauty; but the crust of reserve (which so often misled people) was soon broken through, and I discovered that tenderness and warmth of affection which I enjoyed without interruption while he lived. It was during the early days of our intimacy that I had kept him up half the night listening to my concerns, and next morning, repenting of my selfishness, wrote an apologetic note, which he answered in his characteristic manner: 'That's all nonsense, as if we were not to bear one another's burdens.' I never troubled him with any more apologies.

"On another occasion he gave me some account of his brother Chester's sufferings and his brother-in-law's death, I thought in no boasting spirit; but he was dissatisfied for having given vent to his feelings, and voting 'that he had talked a great deal of nonsense,' marched off abruptly.

"In a letter from his old home at Berkeswell, dated January 1839, there is a word to those who leave the Army because they have not sufficient liberty of action. 'The annoyances

of the Army are nothing. We have every privilege and advantage; and when I spoke of the pleasure of a country life, it was merely as more suited to my feelings than any other. If I was offered independent fortune to-morrow, the circumstances must be very clearly marked which would render it an unquestionable act of propriety to leave a profession in which there is a boundless sphere of usefulness.'

"I can now recall riding down to the Arsenal to say 'Goodbye.' I was going on leave of absence, and before my return he would have sailed to take up his appointment at the Cape. We neither of us said much beyond the hearty 'God bless you,' but I find more in my journal than I like to transcribe. We did not meet again for upwards of ten years. Then came his marriage, since which our lives have been so linked together that I have little to tell *you*, and shall only repeat here what I wrote to General Clarke in December 1877, that I had witnessed some striking proofs of the power of the Gospel, but nothing more beautiful than his testimony during the last months of his life, and I might truthfully have added, during the well-nigh forty years I had known him."

From Major-General W. M. Dixon.

"BIRMINGHAM, 1879.

"You ask me to give you some of my recollections of the early life of your late noble husband, my ever-to-be-lamented, dearest, and best-prized friend. Unfortunately I have few, if any, of his early letters in my possession, as we both of us used to agree to destroy letters after their contents had been well mastered.

"I first met Wilmot, then a lieutenant in the Chestnut Troop, R. H. A., at Woolwich in, I think, the early part of 1836. He had just joined the garrison from Weedon, at which latter place he was well known as one of the foremost and best riders in that hunting district. He was my senior by about

six years. I was at that time quite a young officer, having only joined the service about six months, with another of my early and most intimate friends, the late Captain John Russell Domvile, R.A.

"When Wilmot arrived at Woolwich he had already taken up those strong and earnest religious views which he continued to hold through life, and which gave a distinct and marked turn to the very noble and chivalrous points in his fine natural character. He was by some, I know, thought to be proud and self-reliant to a degree that made it difficult for ordinary or mere acquaintances to discern what his real character was; but to the few, amongst whom I am most happy to be able to include myself, who were admitted unreservedly to his confidence, a truer friend and warmer hearted man never existed. I soon found out that what was considered to be pride was in reality natural shyness, which would have worn off if as a young man he had gone into general society. His habits and turn of mind, however, made him prefer a solitary and rather recluse life. He was an excellent soldier, fond of his profession, and most anxious to do his best to get the regiment out of the slough of despond into which it had fallen since the termination of the war in 1815, and the general neglect to which our military institutions had fallen, consequent upon the excession and ridiculous reduction in the establishment which followed the inauguration of a strictly peace-at-any-price policy as carried out by the 'Hume' party. Associating himself with a few kindred spirits in the regiment, Wilmot took a leading part in the erection of the 'Artillery Institution,' and in all the educational movements which were set on foot for the advantage of the younger officers of the regiment, and of the rising generation as represented by the cadets at the R. M. Academy. As an example of his willingness to carry out his principles even against his natural tastes and professional feelings, he gave up the Horse Artillery, the great prize of the Profession in those days, to join in the purely scientific drudgery, I may

call it, for it was nothing more, of carrying out a series of magnetic observations for several years at the Cape of Good Hope, where however he was able, at a time of danger to the colony, to give the benefit of his military knowledge to the Cape Government, and to assist personally in the defence of the colony. His rare gift of great energy and promptitude of action, combined with cool judgment, enabled him to render distinguished service to the Cape Government. On his return home he was appointed captain of the cadet company, and in this capacity he worked hard to introduce among the cadets that love of all that was high, chivalrous, and noble which was so conspicuous in his own character. He wished to make a cadet love and reverence the Academy as his Alma Mater, and to be able to look back upon his career there as a successful university man does upon his college life. Everything which could be brought to bear, directly or indirectly, to produce such a result was tried by him, and I may say, from my observation, with success, although years may yet elapse before the noble work he did there will bear its fruits. He was successively director of artillery studies at the new R. A. Institution, superintendent of the Gun Factories, commandant of the artillery in Canada, and superintendent of the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness, after which he was continually employed as member of various War Office Committees on artillery subjects. In person he was singularly like his father, the late Sir J. Eardley-Wilmot, whom I frequently met in those days.

"To great personal gifts he united mental and intellectual qualities which brought him into prominent notice everywhere. He had at one time an opening offered him which, if he had accepted, might have changed the whole after-course of his life. I believe he might have entered the household of the late Duchess of Kent (to whom his father was well known). The opening which presented itself would to most men have been eagerly accepted, and welcomed as one which would

have ensured their rapid advancement and promotion by courtly favour. He thought his duty lay in another direction, and turned away from the glitter of courtly life to the more stern and practical duties of a profession which he loved, and to which he devoted himself to the last day of his life.

"We used to live very much together and constantly ride together. For years, I may say, we kept up a constant correspondence, and to the end of his life he was always to me the same noble, kind-hearted, and earnest friend which he had shown himself from the beginning of our acquaintance. Such friends are rare. He had many troubles through the early part of his life, some of which must have affected him deeply, as touching him in those points of his character and tastes where he was the most susceptible. I was aware of his troubles, as he confided to me most things which affected him, but never did I witness any living being bear with greater fortitude or manly Christian resignation the defeat of hopes and possible worldly prosperity, which touched his inner feelings and tastes to the quick. I never heard him utter a murmur, or betray any vexation or annoyance. Many a time have I, in times of trouble and difficulty, thought to myself, 'How would Wilmot have acted?' He was a bright example to all those who were brought into contact with him, and his memory, without a stain on it, can endure as a bright and lasting recollection in my mind of what a Christian soldier could be in every relation of life.

"His loss to me was irreparable, how much more to you and the children! You will, I know, excuse any shortcomings in my letter."

From General Peter Maclean.

"WIMBORNE, *March* 1879.

"My earliest acquaintance with your husband was at the R. M. A., where we were cadets. He was about three years my senior, and therefore any notice he took of me was appreciated.

Even then he was a bright example of all that was manly, high-spirited, and honourable, and he ever appeared to have in view and to have followed out the character of an English gentleman, always discouraging what was wrong or immoral, and upholding all that was manly and allowable. I have a vivid recollection of his tearing across country after a few couples of beagles, in company of other cadets of his own standing, ever the pluckiest of the lot. My next remembrance of him was his leaving Woolwich with a field battery by march route for Weedon. With one or two other cadets (I was still at the R. M. A.) I went to the barracks about 6 A.M. to see him off. He was in the act of dressing, having had his bed, &c., and other traps packed ready for the waggons, and was in exuberant spirits at the prospect of the march and going near his own county. Again in 1835 or 1836 we were both at Woolwich, he having recently, if I remember aright, joined the Horse Artillery; still standing apart from all that was immoral or dissipated, and desirous of winning over his brother officers to the serious and scientific study of their profession. About this time it must have been, and mainly through his exertions, that the foundation was laid of what has been of such advantage to the regiment,—the R. A. Institution. While quartered with him at Woolwich, Wilmot took a most decided, and at that time most unusual step—one that exemplified his earnest Christian character and the courageous and uncompromising nature of his mind. He wrote to several of us, his brother officers (to how many I cannot say, as his letters were strictly private), in the most affectionate manner, imploring us to come out from all that was immoral and evil, and to make a stand against the dissipation then too prevalent, placing the necessity of our doing so on high Christian and moral grounds. Many no doubt were offended, but I know that others fully appreciated the interest he took in them, and I think it drew together those that were desirous of upholding their Christian profession before their brother officers. Our next meeting was

at the Cape. I had been on the frontier for two or three years, and being ordered to Cape Town in 1840, found that he had just come out from England with Ross's expedition to the South Pole, he remaining to make observations on magnetism and meteorological subjects. With this view he had to superintend the building of a small observatory close to that of the Astronomer, Mr. (now Sir Thos.) Maclear, with whom he was consequently brought into daily contact, to their mutual advantage, also with the Assistant-Astronomer, the late Mr. Mann, with whom he formed an intimate friendship, and with Professor Piazzi Smyth, who was at the Cape for a time. Through my dear friend I also became acquainted with the inmates of the Astronomical Observatory, and during the following years, while I was at Cape Town, many were our pleasant meetings together. On more than one occasion we made expeditions for several days into the country, sometimes on foot, sleeping on our field blankets of sheepskin, which, with our tea or coffee kettle, and small supply of necessaries, were carried on a led pony. He ever had in his pocket some small book from which before starting from our camping-ground or before lying down at night he would read aloud. I have a clear recollection of his favourite 'Keble's Christian Year' being often in his hand. His spirits were always of the highest on those occasions, and any *contre-temps* only a matter of mirth; indeed, his sense of the ridiculous was so acute that frequently he gave way to uncontrolled merriment at whatever struck him as ludicrous in our position—when, for example, we were both kicked off while riding on the same pony across a stream of water, the animal escaping with our traps, and scattering them on the road. Every Sunday, accompanied by one of the assistants at the Observatory, Smyth or Mann, generally the latter, he came into evening service, my stalls and quarters being at their disposal, and supper on our return from church.

"On my return to Cape Town after my marriage he was the first to welcome us back, riding out twenty miles to meet

us, and taking us back to his cottage at the Observatory, which he gave up to us until we moved into Cape Castle. Very many were the families to whom his visits were welcome, and his coming, eagerly looked forward to by the young people, was a sign for almost uproarious mirth and the enjoyment of out-door games suitable to the season. I do not allude to his untiring self-devotion to his duties in connection with the Magnetic Observatory, as they were well appreciated by the authorities at home, and a matter of history to all interested in scientific research. After my return to England in 1844 he continued at Cape Town, and on the breaking out of the war in 1845–6 he was employed as D. A. Quar. Master-General to one of the corps in the field, which he only gave up to take an Adjutancy at Woolwich. We subsequently did not often meet, but, as you know, we always had the same affectionate esteem for each other. Though but *few* letters passed, when they did so his were written in the same friendly terms as formerly, and always, in addition to other matters, declaring God's goodness and mercy to him as an incentive to continuing his course without heaviness. Others who were thrown with him, either in social or official intercourse, in later days can speak better than I can of his untiring zeal in any employment he undertook; so I need not remind you of much that must be well known to you. He was ever to me and my dear wife a most constant friend, and his occasional letters a source of enjoyment and help to us both. No man in my time has done so much to create or foster a high moral tone in the regiment, accompanied by an honourable sense of duty. All that he did for his brother officers and the regiment at large can only be known and appreciated by those who have benefited by his life-long exertions."

From the Rev. E. P. Blunt, then military chaplain at the Cape of Good Hope :—

"SPITISBURY RECTORY, BLANDFORD,
"*March* 1879.

"When I assented to the request that I would give a sketch of what I remembered of your good husband in bygone days, I was not aware how hazy my recollection had become, and how much some five-and-thirty years of active life, with its passing events, had dimmed the memory of what took place so long ago.

"It was at the Cape that I became acquainted with your husband. He was then in charge of a magnetic observatory, having to take almost hourly readings of the various expensive instruments under his care, night and day—a most tiresome occupation, and one requiring a faithful and conscientious officer for its due performance.

"Whether anything has ever resulted from the tedious and laborious observations made by your husband and his fellow-assistants at various other stations I never heard; but scientific men perhaps hardly appreciate the pains and fatigue which some of the investigations they call for are apt to entail. Many of the most valuable years of your husband's life were spent in this most weary and monotonous employment, which nothing but the strictest sense of fidelity and duty could have caused him to perform in the manner that he did. I should say that if there was one word more than another that applied to the whole course of your husband's career, it was the word 'duty.' He always seemed, wherever he was, and whatever he was about, to have duty before him, to the exclusion of every selfish consideration.

"And duty to man was not allowed to interfere with the duty that he owed to God. The only day on which his watch was released, or performed by his assistant-orderly, was the Lord's day. For much of the time that I spent at the Cape (three years as chaplain of the forces) your husband was almost every Sunday at my house in the evening, on his way to the

chapel which we both attended. That chapel was supported by many who valued Evangelical truth, and who thought that there was then need in Cape Town for additional Church of England ministrations. Those were days when a bishop was in prospect, and everything was postponed for the time in view of the coming bishop. With all the solidity and steadiness for which your husband was remarkable, no one was more full of fun and play with children, and many and many was the game of romps that he has had with my little ones. Indeed, he was by nature full of fun, so much so that he sometimes made his companions angry by ill-timed mirth; as for instance, when on the Cape Flats the baggage-horse with all the provisions on it ran away, and his fellow-traveller was inclined to be much vexed, he quietly lay upon his back and rolled over on the grass roaring with laughter.

"At the Academy, as head thereof, Wilmot was perhaps in his brightest force. Through the kindness and attention to his requests of those in authority he was enabled to carry out very great reforms there. The superior dieting of the cadets, the adornment of the dining-hall, the establishment of the beautiful library, and numerous other improvements at Woolwich were, if I mistake not, mainly due to movements made by him. Wilmot was ever desirous of leaving his mark behind him, and I well remember a lesson I received from him on this point. One day when he was staying with me, and walking round my kitchen garden, he pointed out some fruit-trees as good for nothing and not worth keeping. I replied 'that it was not worth my while to plant new ones, as the place was not my own, and I might not be there long enough to get any great benefit from them.' 'Oh,' said he, 'never grudge improving. Think of posterity. It is a comfort to reflect that a place is the better for your having been there.' I used not to fancy myself selfish, but this little lesson from my friend has never been forgotten. Wilmot had a way of saying things of this kind which were very useful to those about him. He never scrupled

to speak out his opinion honestly and bluntly when differing from those in conversation with him. He did this even with those in authority; but he did it with such *naïveté* and bold sincerity, that, his judgment being good, he almost invariably carried his point. Of Wilmot's usefulness in his latter years, those who survived him must be fully aware. I only bear my testimony that the lieutenant of thirty was the type of the general at sixty. All, I fancy, was of a piece in his active, useful, consistent life. For my own part I never knew anyone who came nearer my ideal of a good official in every way, and an earnest Christian soldier, than my old friend Eardley-Wilmot, and I can safely say (which is the highest praise that I can give) that I never heard him say anything that I could wish unsaid, or do anything that I could desire undone."

From Major-General W. B. Gardner.

"*February* 1879.

"This is not a biography of your beloved husband, but merely what I remember of him when we were brought together. As a cadet at the Royal Military Academy he was far senior to me, and I never spoke to him; but his manly, upright figure and ingenuous face made an impression on my juvenile mind. My personal acquaintance may be said to have dated from—as far as I remember—the spring of 1836, when a party of giddy subalterns at Woolwich broke in one night upon his slumbers to beg him to arbitrate in some foolish quarrel which had arisen in the mess ante-room. It is immaterial what the dispute was about, I only know that it was a fierce one, and to all appearances would have ended in a fight had not some cooler head amongst us suggested an appeal to Eardley-Wilmot, whose room fortunately was close at hand. He was then, I suppose, a Lieutenant of some five or six years' standing. To him we therefore went in a noisy body, and found him in bed and asleep. He sat up and listened calmly to the story, and then in a few words put the matter so clearly, that we had

nothing to say: the contending parties, if not quite reconciled, at any rate separated, and nothing more was ever heard of the matter by me. I am sorry I never spoke to him on the subject afterwards, but it escaped my memory until last May. I, for one, felt grateful for his judicious advice on that occasion, and the whole thing shows, I think, that he must then have possessed a reputation for judgment and discretion above his fellows. But he did not always wait for his opinion to be asked, for I remember about the same time hearing him administer a sharp rebuke to a brother officer who in his presence told some story of an immoral tendency.

"I left Woolwich in the summer, and returned to it in 1839, when I found your husband there, a subaltern in the Horse Brigade. A great lover of his profession, the smallest duty assumed a dignity with him which was quite a new thing to me. He was a true soldier, and something more; for he was an energetic student, and was at that time preparing for the charge of the Magnetic Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope. But before his departure he with some others succeeded in founding the Royal Artillery Institution. But there was nothing connected with the regiment—its charities, library, mess, cricket, rowing, racket-court, and so forth—in which he did not take a lively interest; and on Sundays he was seen, not in plain clothes, but in uniform, patiently instructing his class in the Sunday School for soldiers' children on the Common. He was one of a small party of officers who assembled periodically in each other's rooms to read the Bible and to pray.

"To one who loved his profession as he did it must have been a sore trial to leave the Horse Artillery, and I know that this step subjected him to some reproach, but he felt that the scientific reputation of the regiment had the greater claims upon him, and the event proved that he could serve his country as well at the Cape as at home; for upon the Caffre war breaking out he at once quitted his observatory to organize and equip a battery and take the field. On his return he was

made captain of the cadet company, and when I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him in 1856 he was at the head of the Gun Factories in the Royal Arsenal. From thence he went to take the command of the Royal Artillery in Canada, and shortly after his return was appointed commandant of the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness. This appointment gave great satisfaction to the regiment generally, and to none more so than to myself. Serving under him there for a year I had every reason to love and admire him. It was fully expected that he would have been, at the expiration of his Shoebury command, selected for the Staff, or placed in some position where his energy, talents, and business habits would have been employed for the public service; but it was not so to be, and with the exception of some occasional employment on committee work, and the carrying out of some experiment, such as that of Okehampton (very important in itself), his public professional labours ceased. He was not, however, the man to be idle for a moment. If not required to work officially he made abundant employment for himself privately. The soldiers' welfare was always thought of by him; and knowing the sorrows arising from drinking in the Army, he was active in the temperance cause, and gained sufficient experience to know that 'total abstainers' were seldom in hospital, rarely in punishment, gave little trouble to their officers, and were the cheapest soldiers we had. He was a steady supporter of the Army Scripture Readers' Society, and cordially aided Miss Robinson in her work. The education of the sons and daughters of officers, the encouragement of thrift by the establishment of penny banks, the drilling of boys at common schools, were amongst the matters he delighted in; and he looked forward to the day when Britain might have an unlimited supply of trained youths to enter the Army in the event of invasion. As chairman of the committee of the Society of Arts he was much liked and esteemed. In private life, cheerful, happy, gentle, and affectionate, he was a charming companion; and during

his last severe illness, in all his letters to me, he dwelt upon the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father, but very little upon his own personal sufferings.

"I have given a very imperfect sketch of your dear husband. No one can take his place in my estimation, or be to me what he was: so unselfish, so kind, so thoughtful of others. How truly the words of the poet apply to him! Had he been worldly-wise how different might his position have been!

> "'Unskilful he to *fawn*, or seek for power,
> By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
> For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
> More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.'"

From Lieut.-Colonel Thos. Bland Strange.

"THE CITADEL, QUEBEC,
"*October* 20, 1878.

"I have been thinking over your kind letter, and the more I think the harder it seems to give you details of the subtle but powerful influence your dear husband exercised for good in the grand old regiment he loved so well and served so faithfully, even to the death.

"From the time he was captain of cadets to his last hour he exercised this marvellous influence over all ranks. He did for artillery education what Arnold did for our great public schools. The lax schoolboy code of honour, that left it open to deceive a master or superior, vanished before him. Cadets could not deceive him they called 'Eardley the Upright.' Many an officer looks back to him as having implanted the first powers of discipline over self and others, built on that chivalrous honour of which he seemed the type. Strange it may seem that no small part of his influence over cadets rested, not only on his mental and moral qualities, but on his hard military physique, which boys admired—an eye which seemed to see and foresee, and understand every lad's character. He took us in different ways, but bound us all in respect,

admiration, and a certain amount of awe, and finally of love. It would be more than I would like to lay bare, his personal dealings with myself. Suffice to say I owe all of any little service I have done for my regiment to his very early influence over me, acquired in his own peculiar quiet way, and I am only one among a crowd of others. It is too long to dwell on all he did at the R. M. Academy, in establishing workshops, a taste for manly love of nature and natural history, turning a mere youthful soldier and sportsman into a scientific observer of nature as he was himself (counteracting the lower tastes that were too common in those days of an idle army). When under General Sabine and Colonel Chesney, with the then Lieutenants Lefroy, Smyth, my cousin Strange, Younghusband, and others, he made those magnetic observations which placed the Royal Artillery in the van of scientific research—a position from which it sank in after years from causes of which I cannot speak. As regards his military service at the Cape, others know its details better than I do; but I have heard it said by those who served with him, that combined with his scientific knowledge of war was the keen instinct of the hunter, educated in boyhood under his father's gamekeeper, and fostered in African expeditions. These qualities and acquirements, together with that quiet contempt of danger that has made African battle-fields so fatal to more than one of his family, caused him to be considered the eyes and ears of the force on the Staff of which he served in the first Caffre war.

"He could ill have been spared from the Gun Factories during the Crimean War; but years afterwards, when he commanded the Artillery in British North America at the critical time of the Trent difficulty, Canada was utterly unprepared —we had scarcely a rifled gun in that country!—and he, by his quiet prevision and his influence with Sir Fenwick Williams, made secret arrangements for the transfer of American plant and machinery to rifle our old guns. He also started the manu-

facture of gun-carriages in Canada, as well as other absolutely necessary military stores of which the country was denuded.

"It is perhaps characteristic of a certain dry humour, and of the peculiar Parliamentary institutions under which we live, that the War Office wished to make him pay from his private means for the gun-carriages he had constructed in an emergency without waiting the conclusion of the red tape forms that might have cost us Canada. He quietly replied, 'Certainly, he was quite ready to pay as soon as the Secretary for War had paid for the military stores he had ordered without Parliamentary authority during the Crimean War,' and which had not been used, the war concluding sooner than was expected. That bill, it is needless to say, was not again presented. Some fifteen years after this date—that is, during the late apprehension of war with Russia—the task in a lighter form devolved upon myself, as Dominion Inspector of Artillery, to endeavour to start the conversion of old guns into rifled cannon on the Palliser principle. An old manufacturer, Mr. Gilbert, of the Canada Engine Works at Montreal, was ready to undertake the work, and I found the ground had already been cleared for me by Colonel Wilmot, who had given Mr. Gilbert all the necessary detailed instruction for rifling guns, of which his long experience at the Gun Factories had made him a master.

"Strange to say your husband never seemed to get much credit or any reward from those whose province it was to give both. His singular modesty and retiring character made him hide his own labours. He never asked for a favour for himself, but was bold to a degree in pushing for the recognition of those who had served under him (as he considered faithfully). Such an one he never forsook, even when frowned upon by high authority, and if he could do no more he gave counsel of singular wisdom. On one occasion, when smarting under what I thought undeserved censure, I went to him for advice. He only said, 'You remember who it was who answered

nothing,' and it turned out that this truly military and Christian course was the wisest, though followed much against the grain. Unfortunately, wherever I turn, my reminiscences of my dear friend and benefactor assume a personal character on which I cannot dilate in anything that might be printed, even for private circulation.

"You know his labours of love for all, his Christ-like bearing of personal suffering, and his years of total abstinence for example sake. I feel it is useless to go on, and can only send to you and yours, my love for his dear memory."

From Lieut.-General W. J. Smythe.

"ATHENÆUM CLUB,
"*December* 7, 1878.

"Very early in life I formed the resolution not to preserve any private letters, and although on the whole I approve of this course, it has occasionally caused me sincere regret, and never more so than as regards your dear and lamented husband. I am therefore unable to contribute any record, by himself, of those traits of his noble and loving nature which, unconsciously, even his briefest letters disclose. All that remains to me is to tell, imperfectly indeed, of some of his great public services.

"To his corps his loss is irreparable. To no single member has it ever been under such deep obligations for the improvements he originated or supported, for his ever watchful care for its best interests, and for the pervading influence of his character and example. At the time when he joined the Army the country had not recovered from the reaction following the long and exhaustive wars of Napoleon. Military spirit was dormant and generally discouraged. In the Army scant appreciation of the value of scientific acquirements prevailed. The education given at the Royal Military Academy, allowing it even to be well-devised, was merely elementary; and no pro-

vision existed for its development when the young officer joined the corps, which in those days he might enter at sixteen or seventeen years of age. A very short military experience convinced your husband of the discredit and danger of this state of things, and, joined with another like-minded young officer, he originated the scheme of a voluntary society among the officers for professional and scientific study. In spite of the opposition, and indeed ridicule, which the proposition encountered in some quarters, it speedily made its way, borne along in no small degree by the weight which even thus early attached to your husband's character. The result was the foundation of the R. A. Institution.

"Shortly after the establishment of the Institution, it happened that the British Government was moved to take part in the great Magnetical Survey of the Globe. The scheme involved the erection of observatories, supplied with instruments and proper staff of observers, at selected spots in several of our colonies. The general superintendence of the survey was entrusted to Major (now General Sir Edward) Sabine, under whom the observations were to be carried out by officers and non-commissioned officers of the Artillery. The services of your husband were naturally at once sought, and he was appointed director of the observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, for which destination he sailed, with his party and instruments, with Captain James Ross, who was proceeding with H.M.S. 'Erebus' and 'Terror' to the Antarctic regions in connection with the survey. After erecting his observatory and setting up his instruments (both very tedious operations), he devoted himself heartily to his new duties, which, with their hourly observations day and night, calculations and reductions, gave abundant employment. But cheerfully and thoroughly as he threw his energies into work very interesting in itself, and affording in its pursuit precious mental and scientific training, he never forgot that should the necessity arise the Army had the first claim on his services. So, when after a time serious

disturbances with the Caffres broke out on the frontier of the colony and a great want of officers was felt, he volunteered for service in the field, and was employed on the Staff of the Army during the emergency. On the completion of his scientific employment at the Cape he returned to England. The constitution of the Royal Military Academy had attracted public attention, and forced an official inquiry into its organization and management. The necessity of a thorough reform of the existing system was the result. To effect this, and to raise the institution in public estimation, demanded the appointment at its head of an officer of exceptionally high character and accomplishments. As a matter of course (it might almost be said) Captain Eardley-Wilmot was the officer selected. From the day of his appointment dates a new epoch in the history of the Academy. The post was one for which he was specially fitted. His love of manly exercises and his scientific acquirements made him a sympathetic sharer in the games, the military exercises, and the studies of the cadets; his sincere religious convictions leavened and hallowed all his intercourse with them. Who can tell how great the advantage to the corps and the country of the future officers at the impressible age of opening into manhood coming under the influence of such a character? The great improvements he introduced into the Academy speedily began to tell, but he could not shut his eyes to the evils arising from the young officers on getting their commissions being collected together at Woolwich without proper guidance and control. He urged, therefore, on the authorities the necessity of an officer being specially appointed to superintend their drills and discipline, and direct their studies. One of his intimate friends, on being appealed to by him, took this very onerous and responsible duty. Though commenced under a total want of all material conveniences, the experiment proved so successful, that after a few months' trial he had the satisfaction of seeing the 'Depart-

ment of Artillery Studies' take its place as one of the settled organizations of the corps.

"The progress of the R. A. Institution had no doubt suffered from the absence abroad in connection with the Magnetical Survey of so many of its most active supporters. Other causes restricted its usefulness, the chief of which was, by general consent, the distance of the building from the officers' quarters. It was therefore resolved by the Committee to apply to the Board of Ordnance for a more convenient site, and for a grant of money towards a new building, the old one being retained exclusively for an observatory, for which its situation specially fitted it. Little encouragement was vouchsafed by the Board to this application. Captain Wilmot hereupon took on himself the bold course of writing a letter direct to the Prime Minister (Lord John Russell). His appeal was successful, and the present commodious and convenient building is the result. So much displeasure was evinced at the Board of Ordnance by Captain Wilmot's action, that it was apprehended, it is to be hoped mistakingly, that his position at the Academy was in jeopardy. His promotion to the rank of field officer removed him from the Academy, and was followed by his appointment to the head of the Gun Factories. Here a new field was opened for his energies, and one which he cultivated with his wonted activity. The vast development which our manufacturing departments in the Arsenal received in face of the Crimean War was greatly owing to his influence and representations. But however occupied in the furtherance of material progress, his thoughts ever turned to the moral and religious welfare of those placed under his care, and this large body of civil workmen became to him, as the cadets, the unceasing objects of his active sympathy; and when circumstances led to his vacating his appointment, a universal expression of deep regret was heard among them and their families. After a tour of duty as commanding officer of Artillery in North America, he was appointed commandant of the great experimental and

training School of Artillery at Shoeburyness. He was thus again, fortunately for the corps, in a position to exert on his younger brother officers his remarkable personal influence, to the encouragement of all high and chivalrous sentiments, and of simple and soldier-like habits. On becoming a general officer his usefulness did not cease, for although our military constitution affords little permanent employment for officers of this rank, he was constantly called upon to give the benefit of his great professional knowledge on committees; and living now in London he took an active part in many scientific and philanthropic agencies. Of the latter might be specially named the 'Penny Banks,' an organization from which he anticipated the greatest social advantages to the working classes.

"Few as are the employments for general officers of Artillery, two such became vacant after he reached this rank—Director of Artillery, and Governor of the Royal Military Academy. A regulation unwisely introduced a few years ago (and to cancel which in his regard would have been a graceful and fitting act) debarred him from the latter appointment. His acceptance of the former, it might have been supposed, would have been eagerly sought by the Government. The post is of extreme importance as regards the Artillery service in its widest sense, the holder of it representing this service at the War Office, and coming into immediate relation with the Secretary of State. For this post General Wilmot possessed exceptional qualifications. He had served in all the branches of the Artillery, horse, field, and garrison; as captain of the cadet company he had become intimately conversant with military education; he had been head of one of the great military manufacturing departments; he had commanded the Artillery in a great foreign dependency; he had superintended the School of Gunnery and Experiments at Shoeburyness; and in early years his mind had been trained by mathematical exercise and scientific habit in the direction of an observatory. When, with these experiences gathered in so many fields, we

recall his straightforward honesty, absolute unselfishness and detestation of injustice and jobbery, we can readily imagine with what hope and confidence his appointment to the leadership of the corps was looked forward to by his brother officers. But it was not to be. For some cause which it is impossible to conjecture, these hopes and expectations were broken. Anxiously thoughtful of others, he was indifferent to his own interests, and continued to give his services to the War Office as cheerfully and faithfully as ever. I trust you will not judge my love and admiration of your dear husband by this scanty contribution to his memory."

From Major F. Duncan, R.A. (the friend to whom I am so greatly indebted for his kind assistance in my preparation of these memorials):—

"WOOLWICH, *March* 1879.

"In complying with your request to say a few words with reference to my personal knowledge of your dear husband, I feel a diffidence which I can hardly describe or explain. It is not merely that I feel it impossible to do justice to his marvellous qualities, but also that some of my most pleasing recollections are associated with hours when he unbent himself to me in strict privacy, and I would feel it almost treasonable to repeat his words. In official matters, such as we had to discuss together in committees, he possessed the rare power of allowing others to express their opinions freely, and yet preventing them from wandering into irrelevance. He also could lead without dictation. When a decision was arrived at, he had always eliminated any sore or angry feeling from the minority, and during discussions which were often heated he had a wonderful power of control over the disputants. This power was exercised sometimes with firmness, sometimes with mollifying words, but not unfrequently with a quaint humour which had an immediate effect. I came to know him best when we were engaged in the experiments at Oke-

hampton. I was generally in charge of the range party, and as the experiments went on he used to come out with me almost daily, and in the intervals of practice we had much conversation on many things. In his character the most striking thing was what we call conventionally 'straightness:' his mind was as upright as his body. If he had not been so pure and gentle a Christian, I doubt if he could ever have forgiven a man whom he had once detected in anything untruthful or dishonourable. Such conduct was abhorrent to his very nature. Although stern in his own self-denial, he was no ascetic; at Okehampton he lived in mess with us, and his influence was always over us, but never oppressively. He gave a tone to our conversation without our being aware of it. He entered into our games and hospitalities most genially, and he excited in us a marvellous loyalty to his person, which would have made us miserable had we done anything to vex him. At Okehampton—the only time in my life—I heard him address a body of people on Sunday. He first made quite sure that the hour should not interfere with the church services, and he then wrote to the rector, and asked if he had any objection to his speaking to his parishioners. When he did speak, his words were simple and most earnest; it was evident that he was no mere theorist, but that his words came up from wells of great and intelligent experience. He was so modest also; and there could have been few more fascinating pictures than his loving but soldier-like face, and imposing figure, as he kept pleading with this audience which he had never met before and might never meet again.

"He was a thorough soldier at heart. It was a loss to the Army, as well as to our Regiment, that the last years of his life were not more actively employed in his profession.

"The last time I saw him was just before I went to Jamaica. He was in bed, and very ill. But his chief fear seemed to be lest he should be led into complaining, or lest he should give

others any unnecessary trouble. He was tenderly affectionate when we parted: I shall never forget it. While I live he will be to me the *beau-idéal* of a Christian soldier."

From Lieut.-General R. Copland Crawford, Colonel Commandant Royal Artillery.

"SUDBURY LODGE, HARROW,
"*February* 1879.

"Were it in my power I should be happy in responding to your wishes by forwarding any letters from my late dear friend. Unfortunately I can lay my hands on none. They were as a rule like his speaking—short, clear, epigrammatic, and to the point. I must, however, submit to you a few fragmentary recollections.

"I well remember him as a cadet, when it might be truly said the 'boy was father to the man.' There was that in his erect carriage, his clear bright eye, his calm bold look and manly bearing which then commanded respect, and forbade the approach of anything dishonourable, untruthful, or ignoble.

"When in early life, as still a young subaltern, it pleased God to reveal Himself to him as his Father, and to give him what Dr. Chalmers described as the expulsive power of a new affection, he at once threw all the weight of his character and all the energies of his intellect into the work of advancing his Saviour's cause. He had found Jesus precious to his own soul, and wished to recommend Him to his brother officers and soldiers and all with whom he came in contact.

"Subsequently, in 1839, he was appointed superintendent of the Magnetic Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope. This required considerable preparation, and he accordingly worked up, under the supervision of the eminent Dr. Lloyd, of Dublin, the acquirements necessary for so responsible a duty. I would date from this period the energy with which he became a

student in various paths of scientific inquiry; hence the 'blue ribbon' of science was conferred on him, and he became a Fellow of the Royal Society. On his return home from the Cape in 1846 he was offered the appointment of captain of the cadet company. Circumstances had led to an investigation by a committee into the state of the R. M. A. at that time, and some stringent measures were recommended. Wilmot came to the conclusion that he could not consistently with his convictions administer several of the new rules. He therefore went to the Marquis of Anglesey and declined the appointment, frankly stating his reasons. He especially objected to those regulations which, in place of appealing to the honour and better feeling of the cadets, placed them under a system of espionage, and that mainly of non-commissioned officers. The Master-General, having taken time to consider, gave Wilmot nearly a 'carte blanche' for his guidance; nor could he have done a wiser thing, for there are times when the 'right man' is better than any '*system*,' and Wilmot was the right man—it was felt that a better selection could not be made.

"He threw his whole heart into the welfare of the cadets. He went upon Dr. Arnold's system at Rugby of gaining over the sixth form; so Wilmot worked with the senior cadets to win their active support on behalf of discipline. All he could do he did to elevate the cadets in their self-respect, to make the barracks their home, to occupy their spare hours in a healthy, manly way, to stimulate their amusements, and to give them a pride in the R. M. A. I remember the earnestness with which he sought the prayers of Christian friends, that he might be helped and guided in this responsible position, and that he might be influential in preparing officers of such high tone and chivalrous character as might be an honour to the service. Never perhaps was there a brighter example of the high standard he contemplated than he was himself.

"But whilst firm in the discharge of duty he was notwith-

standing a man of deep sympathy and feeling for others. I remember once calling upon him at the R. M. A. and finding him sitting over the fire looking very sad, and on my asking the cause he told me that a cadet had committed himself very seriously, and that he could not see his way consistently with duty to save him from expulsion. He then referred with much emotion to the sorrow it would bring the young man's parents, and the blight it might prove to his after life. I left with the conviction that there was no fear of such a one forgetting the interests of the service, or, on the other hand, doing a hasty or inconsiderate injury to any placed under his control.

"I, with many other attached friends, watched with sincere interest the career of this noble-hearted Christian soldier. We rejoiced on his account and that of the service when he was appointed head of the Gun Factory. We knew the high professional talent and sensitive integrity with which the duties would be discharged. After this he was placed on the Staff and sent out to Canada in command of the artillery there, at a very critical time, when war with the United States seemed imminent. The Commander of the Forces, Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, himself an artilleryman, with Wilmot and the Commanding Royal Engineer, devised each a plan of defence, and so effectual that a committee at home convened for the same object on forwarding to Canada their recommendations learned by return of packet that they had been anticipated, and that all their suggestions had already been carried out. I believe Sir F. Williams generously awarded to your husband a considerable share of the credit due to these arrangements. Subsequently to his return home, as his valuable services could not be dispensed with, he was appointed commandant and superintendent of experiments at Shoeburyness. Here he was again the right man in the right place, as the duties were congenial to his professional tastes and his great experience as an artillerist. No doubt his advice was of much moment at a time of such great transition, enormous expense, doubt

and uncertainty as to the future guns for aboard ship and ashore. But he also was anxious for the welfare of all under his command; and he did what he could to advance the cause of temperance amongst the troops, as well as otherwise to promote their comfort and respectability. Wherever he went he left his mark in some way, evincing deep interest in the soldiers, their wives and families. In all he sought the good of the service, the efficiency, the contentment, and the happiness of the men. His latter life has been before the world. Many a scheme for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his fellow-men, but especially for soldiers and sailors, he either originated or assisted most heartily. Although by nature adapted to chivalrous days, and a man to excel in all that was noble, gallant, and true, no one brought up under the old Board of Ordnance and responding to its motto laboured more earnestly and wisely than he did in Vulcan's domains to supply 'Sua tela tonanti;' and notwithstanding there was too often in his case the incubus of an Etna upon him, there was still the soft light of the upper Sicilian sky in his countenance and his heart. None also could know him without feeling that he worked alone with a patriotic end in view, and never for his own personal ends. He held many a responsible situation, and had many important duties to perform during his career. He won a high moral and intellectual position in the service; but his uprightness was too implacable for him to become what the world calls a successful man. He ever advised and said what he believed was true, and did not stop to think whether it would please or not. And now I would conclude by merely observing that his friendship was valued very highly by those who were honoured with its possession; that many mourn the loss of one in whom they had a deep interest, and whose whole career has been to them such a subject of admiration and respect; and that I feel sure the memory of Frederick Eardley-Wilmot will long remain engraven on their hearts."

From Major-General Fisher.

"BLACKHEATH, *March* 1879.

"Having served under General Wilmot's command as chief instructor at Shoeburyness, and as one who held him very dear, and who both then and afterwards, when I succeeded to the position he had held, was indebted to him for assistance and advice in many trying circumstances, it has appeared to me that I might venture to speak of the estimation he was deservedly held in there by one and all who were brought into connection or association with him. It was especially throughout those six years when I was commandant at Shoeburyness that I more particularly benefited by and learnt to value the intrinsic excellence of the clear and dispassionate mind he brought to bear upon questions involving the professional character and reputation of the School of Gunnery. I have always held, and in this view I am supported by the opinions of all who knew him then, that the foundation of all that was to be met with at Shoeburyness as sound, manly, straightforward, and intellectual were in a great measure laid by your dear husband, and I for one endeavoured, very imperfectly I fear, to carry out what I knew would have been his wishes and views had he remained there as commandant."

From the Rev. E. C. Ince, late Vicar of Christ Church, Battersea.

"WATFORD, *May* 23, 1879.

"How many happy and sacred memories cluster round your dear husband's name as I look back on the few years when I had the privilege of his friendship, while you lived at Clapham and were members of my congregation at Christ Church, Battersea. Among much uphill and discouraging work amid the many thousands of my parish, his help so heartily given, and sympathy so affectionately expressed, were often wont to lighten my cares and cheer my heart. I seem to hear his voice

now as I used to hear it in the responses at church, when by his fervent joining in the prayers he did his part towards making our services bright and earnest, as well as an expression of the warmth of his own devotion. I remember, too, how when I was alone in my work, and he was anxious to lighten it by any help that he could give, he used to read the lessons in his deep manly voice, and with an emphasis of utterance that filled my large church. Often, too, after having been all day from an early hour in the morning engaged at Shoeburyness or Woolwich in artillery experiments, he would come down to my school in the evening, twenty minutes' walk at least from your house, to take part in a prayer meeting, or give an address to the children of the weekly Bible class or Band of Hope, or to hold (as he did for some time) a Bible class for men in Christ Church vestry. Indeed, the existence and maintenance of the weekly Bible class for boys and the Band of Hope were owing mainly to the support and countenance he gave to them. He and our dear friend Sir A. J. Lawrence were the originators of the Battersea Charity Organization Society, and for two years he was scarcely ever absent (if ever) from the weekly committee meeting held in Christ Church schools, during which time he and Sir A. Lawrence were by their self-denying and sustained efforts the life of the society. The last time he took part in any public meeting in my parish was after you had left Clapham to reside in Cromwell Road, when he came to us to assist in the inauguration of a branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, a department of Christian work which he dearly loved, and in which, as will be long remembered, he was so eminently useful. That was the last time (alas! how little we thought it) that we ever saw him in our house, when with other friends he took tea with us before the meeting. His whole life, so devoted, useful, and earnest, was an exemplification of the apostolic rule, 'zealous of good works,' 'always abounding in the work of the Lord;' like David, serving his own generation by the will of God; like

St. Paul, constrained by the love of Christ to live not to himself, but to Him who died for him and rose again. I have some happy memories of conversations with him on divine things, at times when he would without reserve speak from the abundance of his heart, and when we have knelt together in prayer. He was always the same whenever I saw him—always cheerful and happy, but never trifling; always open, genial, and affectionate. We do not often meet with the simple and unaffected piety and spirituality of mind which he uniformly and invariably exhibited, showing the close companionship he maintained with God, and that he had been with Jesus.

"When we call to mind the beautiful exhibition his whole life was of the graces and virtues of the spirit, we adore the grace of God which made him the humble, useful, loving and beloved servant of Christ that he was; we feel that he has left a very bright light shining along the path he trod through life up to heaven; and we would follow him as he followed Christ in all the relations of life. It is a high privilege and a great responsibility to have known him and to have had his friendship. His children are happy indeed in having such a father; and now that he has 'passed into the skies' may they keep the memory of his bright example always fresh in their minds, and seek so to live and walk as he did, that their father's God may be their God, and their father's home their's at last! I might write much more of your dear husband; the little I have drawn from my recollections of him during the comparatively short period of his life when I knew him may serve to show something of the blessing God made him to be, and how by the consistency of his course, the simplicity of his faith, the genuineness of his Christian character, and the usefulness of his life, he, like Abel, being dead yet speaketh."

From Lieut.-General Sir J. H. Lefroy.

"Perhaps there is no stronger evidence of the affection and admiration I entertained from the first hour of our acquain-

tance for your beloved husband than the fact that for about forty years I habitually preserved nearly every note or letter of his, in a persuasion that if I survived him they would help to furnish forth the portraiture of one of the noblest, purest, and most chivalrous characters it has ever been my good fortune to number among my friends. His remarkable decision of character, a natural elevation of sentiment, deeply religious principles early embraced, consistently acted upon, a pre-eminent manliness of character, attracted to him all his contemporaries who in any degree endeavoured to shape their lives by the rule of the Gospel. I well remember the amusement afforded by a Peninsular veteran, to whom his scruples had given some offence, describing him as 'a harmless young man.' The gallant old soldier applied to him the best standard he knew, and had not discovered that behind that 'harmlessness' there was the truest fire of chivalry and devotion to duty; that his was really the stuff that leads men; or how conspicuous he was, among those who knew him, for his energy and fearlessness.

"It was one of his fixed principles of action not to volunteer. Self-sought distinction was abhorrent to him. Ever ready for what Providence might order, and beyond question certain to have distinguished himself if the opportunity had been afforded, he contentedly stood aside, and accepted the course of events which consigned him to inactivity during the only years (1853-1859) in which, had he been otherwise minded, there would probably have been no difficulty in his obtaining a share of the honours and rewards which were open to officers serving in the Crimea and India. He was not selected, and he would not ask. In this choice I deliberately concur. Honour to those who 'Chase brave reputations with the naked sword throughout the world.' But there may be a higher heroism in suppressing natural ambition, to serve at the post the great Captain has selected as the fittest. Frederick Wilmot had, however, in fact, one slight opportunity of showing what was

in him, in the short South African War of 1846, and has left some excellent and graphic accounts of his experiences. He suffered much from severe headaches, but when free from them he had at that time exuberant natural spirits which the little hardships of travelling or campaigning brought out strongly, making him a delightful comrade or companion.

"There were two things which tended to make his influence in the Artillery less than it deserved to be. First, an occasional curtness of speech and an apparent *hauteur* of manner which repelled men until they knew him. It was the product of an habitual sincerity and outspokenness, of a latent constitutional shyness, and perhaps of a little intolerance for common weaknesses. Second, his stiffness of opinion, not overawed by authority, and apt to run into an independence which authority does not much appreciate. Nevertheless, his influence was very extensive, and of that kind which lasts, much as his model, Arnold (with whom, however, he was, I imagine, far from agreeing on many points), having been one of the best abused men of his day, has left a living influence which survives to this. It was very much felt in 1853-4, when Mr. Monsell, now Lord Emly, the Clerk of the Ordnance, turned to a younger generation of men than he found in office for the activity and openness to new views which the Ordnance arrangements for the Crimean War required.

"The memorial portraits to which many brother officers contributed in 1878 owe their immediate origin to the impression he produced at this period of his life upon an Indian officer, Colonel, now Lieut.-General, Maxwell, who came to study at the Gun Factories. The proposal originated, I believe, with him, and was suggested in terms of generous appreciation, which I am sorry not to have preserved. Justice to the artist requires that the difficulties under which these two likenesses were produced should be fully borne in mind. M. Ossani had never seen him, and had but a few and not very good photographs to work from. No wonder then if neither the very

striking manly beauty of his features in early life, nor their dignity and serenity in later years, are quite realized. Nevertheless they are portraits, which, read by the light your memoir will throw on them, convey a high idea of the man, and will for many years to come recall his presence to officers who passed through the Academy or the School of Gunnery under him.

"Our personal meetings were not very frequent after 1860, and for the last seven years of his life I was in Bermuda, and our correspondence almost ceased. I never ceased, however, to entertain for him the feelings of affection of my earlier life, or to look upon him as an example of Christian consistence and manly virtue; and I can conclude these short notes with no better wish than that his children may be enabled by Divine grace to persevere in the path in which he has left them so brilliant an example."

From the Pictorial World.

A granite memorial to the memory of General Eardley-Wilmot has just been erected at Lyne churchyard, near Chertsey. The memorial is composed of a single block of red Aberdeen granite, about 6 feet high, and left rough as quarried, except two panels sunk into the face and polished out of the solid rock. The upper panel contains a field-gun, with the inscription "Ubique" over it, and under it, "Quo fas et gloria ducunt." In the large panel is the record: "Frederick Marow Eardley-Wilmot, Major-General Royal Artillery, F.R.S. Born May 29th, 1812. Died September 30th, 1877. 'If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour.'—John xii. 26." This text seems specially beautiful and appropriate for a warrior. The grave, which is turfed, is surrounded by rough granite edging, same as the memorial. The work was executed by Mr. John W. Legge, sculptor, of Aberdeen.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WM. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.